1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

dained as man's food. But this privilege has been granted by themselves and must not be abused. The slightest waste or cruelty will cause them not only to withdraw the food supply but also to punish man himself by disease. The way to cure disease is to please the animals by virtuous living and thus acquire power to overcome the evils they send. The cycle is complete. The connection of practical economy with religious belief has been worked out by this frugal people as far as by anyone.

Not only the animals are living powers. Every part of the natural environment is also personified and must be treated with circumspection and respect. The individual, when going about his duties, should never attack nature roughly, but explain his need and ask for help. "I have come to get clay," says the woman who is digging material for her pots, "be favorable to me." The hunter, bending over a dead deer, apologizes: "I have killed you because I need food. Do not be angry." The planter, taking a handful of corn kernels from his pouch, adjures them: "I am dropping you into the earth. Now ripen well." It is a religion whose every act is focused upon the forces of nature, constraining them to help man or, at least, not to hinder him in his arduous tasks.

Those forces are not either good or evil. The Papago do not explain the supernatural world as a dualism, inhabited by both kindly and maleficent spirits. Rather, it is permeated by power which is helpful or destructive according to the medium through which it passes. A good being, human or supernatural, will use it for good; a bad one for evil. And the same being will change from time to time. Thus I'itoi and Earthmaker are not opposed forces, like God and the devil, but both in turn benefit man; then both mishandle their power and harm him. So the animal guardian spirits can turn unfriendly and send diseases. So the shaman can change from a healer to a sorcerer.

The fear of power is an underlying motive in Papago religion quite as much as the reverence for it. A man who has obtained power through vision or ceremony is regarded with apprehension as well as respect. "He might forget to take care of his fetish, and then he could make us all sick." The shaman, greatest recipient of power, is also the only villager who can be killed with impunity.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

undergo a modified form of purification at the same time. They would expect to share in the benefits of his power, but unless they took precautions it would harm them.

It was during his period of seclusion that visions came. Here two contradictory ideas had to be reconciled, for the neophyte was expected to learn from others, as well as dreaming for himself. The visions generally followed a pattern of visions recounted to him in standardized recitations by his "ceremonial father." This "made father" (*ókta*) was chosen by the neophyte from the men who had been through the experience previously. The lines of behavior follow those of a society initiation, yet the "made fathers" were not a society. Perhaps it was the semi-nomadic life of the Papago which prevented their closer organization, but they remained individuals, gathering in groups only on special occasions.

The neophyte might learn recitations and songs by rote from his "made father," and this in itself gave him power. Also, the animals were supposed to find him particularly pleasing during his purification and to choose this time for their visits. In this way the idea of the guardian spirit and of a form of priestly initiation were reconciled. Ultimately the neophyte was free. The informal group of ceremonial fathers received him back into the community, singing the songs that ratified his power, blowing purifying smoke over him, and finally calling him by the kinship term. The new *siakam*, or ripe man,[18] was now eligible to take part again in community life.

There was another purificatory process—so like the three already mentioned that it has been classed with them—the segregation of girls at puberty, an ancient rite, far more widespread in the Papago area than any purification for men. It involved the same features: segregation, partial fasting, use of the scratching stick, cold baths, and the avoidance of looking at the sun or at fire.

Obviously, the power which comes upon a girl of nubile age was thought similar to that dangerous magic which men could acquire only by effort. It had the same effect of making the girl dangerous

[18] Cf. the Keresan use of *crude* (raw) to denote those who belong to no society (Dumarest, p. 198; White, 1935, pp. 135, 167). The Zuni, according to Cushing, speak of mankind as "done, baked, ripe" and of the animals and animal gods as "raw" (Cushing, 1880–81, p. 198).

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

not only to herself but also to others until she had been purified. But the ceremony in her case was negative, nullifying evil, but conferring no positive reward. Whereas the man fasted almost to starvation, the girl fasted only formally. While the man was received into the fellowship of initiates, the girl was merely freed from restrictions until she next became dangerous. The dance, with license, which followed was a thoroughly practical expedient, making the women available to the village as future mothers rather than conferring any personal benefit upon them.[16] Perhaps we might think of the psychological attitude here as similar to that of the Aztecs, which equated the child-bearing woman with the warrior.

Failure to complete the ceremony in any of these cases meant danger, both to the individual and to the community. If a "ripe man" did not guard and "feed" his fetish properly, "he could make us all sick." If a girl omitted her ceremony, her village might be struck by lightning. This constantly expressed fear of the misuse of power is one of the basic elements in Papago religion. Shaman, eagle killer, enemy slayer, salt pilgrim, and woman were objects of constant suspicion, lest their supernatural contacts should be improperly treated. Few groups have placed so many people in this category or demanded such rigorous purification.

The final objective of every ordeal was rain and food. The girl's ceremony had its fertility features, to aid the growth of corn. The man became a rainbringer, for, said informants, if he had been through all three purifications, he achieved the title *siiwanyi*, the word used for the rain magicians of the ruined great houses. Papago religion, oriented to the stark essentials of life, channeled all its ceremonies toward the goal expressed in the growth rituals: "Thus I shall feed my children and my relatives, coming from afar."

[16] Sahagún, Seler, pp. 304-5.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

"all our moisture comes from the sky." The abodes of the rain gods 346
in the four directions are thought to be brush huts of this same sort.

For the anomalous prayer-stick festival a large, roofless enclosure is built, like the structures used by the Shoshonean Indians of southern California. It is roughly made and is pulled down when the ceremony is over.

SHRINES

Papagueria has many local shrines, all very crude and some not 346
more than a cave or a stone, marking the place of some supernatural 778
event. A list of the best-known ones follows.

Santa Rosa, Akchin, Archie.—These three places share the most elaborate of the shrines—a pile of stones surrounded by a fence of ocotillo stems, with openings toward all four directions. The stones, says tradition, cover a hole through which once the ocean water [773] threatened to issue in a flood. It was stopped by the sacrifice of four children, a boy and a girl from each moiety. They were thrown into the hole, but remain alive underground; they are the patron supernaturals of the locality. At a little distance from their shrine is an olla that is said to have been put there for the first offering.

Kaka.—A hole where a great wind once entered the earth.

Poso Verde, Sonora.—A cave where the cannibal woman was suffocated by smoke, under I'itoi's directions.

Baboquiviri Mountain.—A cave where I'itoi lived while teaching his people.

Sikorhimat.—The spot where once a ceremonial clown fell dead, having run from Archie to bring a message.

Topawa.—A white rock which receives an offering of eagle down when rain is wanted.

Few of these shrines, except the "children's grave" at Santa Rosa, 778
are associated with any special ceremony, but anyone visiting them [778]
leaves an offering, generally an arrow or some tobacco, and repeats some such invocation as the following: "I give you this; now bring me luck." They are still honored to such an extent that the writer, when passing near one, was bidden by her Papago companions to

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

leave a pencil, instead of an arrow, and wish that the party would have no flat tires.

SACRED OBJECTS

Sacred objects were sometimes single fetishes and sometimes collections of objects brought together through the years and kept in a ceremonial basket. Such bundles belonging to villages were generally said to be "from the beginning," but occasionally new finds have been added, notably the slate tablets, the three-quarter grooved axes of the ancient inhabitants, and the peculiar limestone formations of the district. One new village, which had no fetish, acquired some of the latter and ultimately displayed them at the rainmaking ceremony, as did the mother village.

Individuals had fetishes connected with dreams or purification. The shaman had special quartz crystals that were found under the direction of his guiding power. The enemy slayer kept a trophy of an Apache's hair, belt, or moccasin. The salt pilgrim treasured sea shells or pebbles. The eagle killer had the right to a designated portion of eagle down. The "meeter" of some guardian spirit often found and preserved, after his supernatural experience, a claw or a feather, or he might carve an image of his visitant or pick up a stone which seemed to resemble it. Even an unauthorized person sometimes came upon a peculiarly shaped stone and tried out its powers. If he were "meant to have it," he would later receive a visitant.[2]

The proper way to keep fetishes was in an oblong basket of twilled yucca.[3] This was called *wdca*, in distinction from the ordinary coiled basket, *hoa*, and was, say the Papago, the usual container in former days. It resembles some old Yaqui forms,[4] but is even more common in Mexico and South America.[5] A fetish owner kept his basket packed with eagle down and deer tails, and periodically he "fed" the sacred object with cane cigarettes and even with

[2] Cf. Hopi fetish stones, Parsons, 1933, p. 67.
[3] For description and illustration of this basket see Kissell, p. 170.
[4] Hough, Pl. 256.
[5] A duplicate of this basket may be seen in the exhibit from Guiana in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

food.[9] He must not open or move the basket without a ritual, which was the recitation of part of his ceremony for food or purification. The Papago believed that unauthorized people, reciting only a few words of such a ceremony before a village fetish, could produce a flood.

Because of the flimsy construction of the ceremonial house, the village fetish was often kept hidden in the hills and was brought back with special rites just before a ceremony. It was always hidden in winter when the people made their yearly move, when they hid or buried all their property which they could not carry with them. It was safer, however, to keep no sacred objects near human habitations. "Their power might get loose," and sickness or flood would be the result. The writer observed this fear in connection with a "scalp basket," kept by descendants of an old enemy slayer. The basket was kept in a far corner of the yard, concealed in many wrappings and inside a barrel. Permission was reluctantly given the writer to unwrap and even to photograph it, but the owners shut themselves inside the house so as to be out of reach of danger.

OFFERINGS

Eagle down was the offering *par excellence*, placed with a fetish, deposited at a shrine, or worn at a ceremony. It was always plucked ritually, the act being so dangerous that purification was required of the eagle killer. Other people traded for the down and tried to keep a little on hand as much-prized wealth. Rarely, however, did they make it into prayer sticks. The Papago statement was that the down had value on account of its resemblance to clouds and that it was attached to a stick only to keep it from touching the ground. Such sticks were made for the prayer-stick festival, for an eagle killing and for the salt expedition.

The usual stick was unpainted, about four inches long, pointed at one end so that it could be driven into the ground and having a notch at the other end. One or two feathers were fastened with sinew to each end of a cotton string. The string was put through

[9] Cf. the feeding of Zuni fetishes (Parsons, 1939, p. 324), and Cochiti (Goldfrank, p. 69).

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

the notch at the top of the stick and tied around the neck of the stick with another string. Under certain circumstances turkey down replaced eagle down, but the feathers of no other birds were used.

At the harvest ceremony all prayer sticks were painted blue (the Zuni color for men). After the salt gathering at Santa Rosa they were painted both blue and yellow. Occasionally a stick two feet long was "planted" in behalf of a group. This was done at the prayer-stick festival at Quitovaca, where the stick was painted with a red spiral, and by the salt gatherers from Akchin, who tied a red cloth around it.

Though there was a word for bird down, there was no word for prayer stick, which was simply called "sacred object," as were the fetishes.

Deer tails were as desirable as eagle down for accompanying a fetish. The scalp basket unpacked by the writer contained four of them. They should be, if possible, from the black-tailed deer, the white-tailed variety having "no power." Tails from a deer ritually killed were important ceremonial objects, used at the cleansing ceremony and in curing "deer sickness." However, the tail of any deer formed a valuable offering, and hunters did a thriving trade in them.

Tobacco was offered in the form of cane cigarettes; their ceremonial name was "reed joint." Each consisted of a section of *Phragmites communis*, three or four inches long and filled with *Nicotiana attenuata*, the variety grown by the Papago. If no reeds were obtainable, corn husks were used as cigarette wrappers. Cigarettes were always smoked before being deposited, the votary taking four puffs, in the four directions, then stating his wish.

Beads, usually of turquoise, were a less common offering, but highly valued. The request for offerings made in behalf of one village fetish ran: "Bring your valuable things, eagle down, deer tails, and beads."

Certain occasions demanded the use of corn meal, which must be made of "flatheaded corn" (two ears growing together so that each had one flat side).[1] Such meal was most lavishly used at the prayer-stick festival, and it is significant that Navitcu, the cere-

[1] Cf. Mason, 1918, p. 22.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

and they thought the earth would be destroyed. Then a man spoke—not a shaman, just a wise man. He said: "The most valuable thing we have is our children. Let us take four children, paint them beautifully, and place them in the hole. So it was done.

This part of the story has various versions. The children are always equally divided with regard to sex, but some say there were four, one from each of the four sibs, while some say two, one from each moiety or from each main sib: *dapap* and *maam*. Some versions make them the children of the "big man" himself, while some say they were "grandmother's children," i.e., those whose parents were dead. The version which speaks of four would seem to be the official one, since four children, elaborately painted, figure at the prayer-stick festival and are said to represent these "flood children."

As soon as the children were placed in the hole, it closed up. But the children were not dead, for dreamers since then have often looked down through the earth and seen them, happy and playing.[2]

These "flood children" are the patron deities of the four surrounding villages. They are represented at the prayer-stick festival in a dance which seems to have nothing to do with the rest of the ceremony, and they also appear at the Kaka growth ceremony. Songs were frequently composed about them for ceremonies where new songs were in order, dreamers saw them in visions, and during the writer's visit at Santa Rosa the keeper of the smoke used to go to the shrine and to ask their advice on village problems. The shrine marks the hole where they disappeared, and if its ceremonies were ever to be neglected, wind or flood would again threaten the earth.

The shrine is a conical pile of flat stones, occupying an oval space some twenty feet wide by thirty feet long and surrounded by a paling made of the tall, thorny stems of the ocotillo. These were and are renewed every two years, and the work of renewal, like all other phases of ceremonial life, is associated with the idea of crops and growth.

The renewal took place in April or May, when the ocotillos are green. A meeting was held, and a day was appointed when every

[2] Cf. Zuni, the fate of the child who was given to the corn, died and was buried. Bunzel, 1929–30, p. 593. Also, incidents in Parsons, 1939, p. 235, and 1926, pp. 181–88; Benedict (1930), I, 10–11.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

man from all four villages must come to help with the work—the penalty for refusal being failure of all crops for the year. The men went to Archie Mountain to cut ocotillo wands, peel them, and stack them. The wands were spoken of as "corn," and every man tried to have as many as possible to his credit. When the work was finished, the village keeper of the smoke spoke to the workers.

1. My kinsman of all degrees! You have made the likeness of big bottomed corn. You have made the likeness of big bottomed squash. Well will it ripen. Now will the sun sink beautifully. Now, thus you will do. You will go home and, having received food, eat it.(4)

The men went home to sleep, and before daylight the next morning they arrived to carry the wands to the shrine. The man who came early and carried a large number would have plenty of corn in his field; the sluggard would have little. At the shrine the men removed the old ocotillo wands, working under the direction of one of the older men. They piled the discarded wands outside the shrine, where the accumulation of many years can now be seen. Then they cleaned the ground within the enclosure; they removed the pile of stones at its center and found a small treasure of beads and other offerings, supposedly the original ones made before the children were sacrificed. To these they added a few more, and then they piled the stones again over the treasure.

To the east, the north, the west, and the south of this pile of stones, they dug holes, in which they buried ironwood sticks to represent squash, thus hoping to increase their crops for the summer. Then they set up a fence of ocotillo around the shrine, leaving openings at the four points of the compass large enough for a man to pass through. When all was done, the speaker of the previous day recited the ritual to insure good crops, both cultivated and wild. He stood first in the eastern opening, then in the northern, then in the southern.

2. Well have we done by you, my older brothers [the flood children]! Now here for you stand our offerings. Now you will issue forth. Yonder you will run and will reach the east. There, within the rainhouse, are ripe things: ripe corn, ripe squash, ripe beans, everything to eat,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

field, perhaps with a group of kinsmen who were aiding him, and sang:

15. Here I put my hand in my pouch,
And downward I go dropping [the seed].
Here upon our fields
A [clump like a] feather headdress
Comes forth.(20)

Then, as he walked down the first row, dropping four seeds into every hole made by his digging stick, he might address the corn.

16. Hail! I shall drop you in the ground.
You will come out and will ripen.
From elsewhere my relatives will come,
Will arrive, and will eat you.(3)

Sometimes the individual continued to sing at each stage of the growth of the corn and the squash. "He would walk about the field at night, quietly singing." Or he would stand at the edge of the field at dawn, and sing before starting to work. His songs might be any of those which were used for community singing.

At Tecolote, in the southern part of the reservation, growth magic consisted, not in opening a sacred bundle, but in making effigies to represent the crops, both cultivated and wild.[6]

A series of communal meetings were held during the summer to "sing up the crops," and for days beforehand all the men were busy making representations of the expected fruits. A corn ear was carved from a section of giant cactus rib, with the long leaves of the yucca to serve as foliage. Squash was made from flexible ocotillo stems covered with buckskin, dyed yellow. Beans might be small spotted pebbles. Giant cactus and cholla fruits were made of clay and painted wood.

A fire was built in front of the council house and the fruits were laid in a row to the west of it. Still farther west sat all the available shamans, and beyond them were the singers, with basket drums and scraping sticks. Usually an old man who knew the legends of corn

[6] Cf. the facsimiles of corn and squash offered by Hopi and Zuni to induce increase. Parsons, 1939, p. 316.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

The prayer-stick festival is the most sacred of all ceremonies, 796x laying more restrictions on the participants than any other and demanding more secrecy. Women may not even see the preparations. The speeches are considered so sacred that, though the [778] writer found it possible to transcribe all others, these were refused, on the ground that to recite them at any but festival time would mean death.

The officials of the festival were all hereditary. Each village has 796x a ceremonial director who was in function a priest, and one of 793 them is director-in-chief. Below him is a hierarchy of lesser officials which forms an interesting contrast to the loose organization of most Papago feasts. Officials of the festival are: general director; 4 village directors; head ceremonial clown; thirty or more village clowns; head corn meal sprinkler; assistant sprinklers; forty song composers, eight for each of the five villages; three men to paint the singer, one for red paint, one white, one black; man to wait on the fasting director; helper for the corn dancers; corn-meal sprinklers for the corn dancers; woman to make dishes for the fasting director. The only functions not hereditary are those of the dancers and singers who give the actual performance. Of these, one volunteers and the others are chosen for their long hair.

In years when the quadrennial ceremony was to take place, the 796x director-in-chief sent a notice unofficially to the song composers long beforehand, so that they might make preparations. But his official announcement came only fourteen days before the ceremony and was, in itself, a ceremonial. The sub-directors were aware when this announcement was to be made and were waiting at their houses. The director made the circuit of the five villages on foot, in the order, Palo Verde (substituting for Iron Pump), Santa Rosa, Anegam, Akchin, and Archie. This produced, roughly, a counterclockwise circuit. At each village, he went to the house of the village director and stood outside without speaking. The local man emerged, and then the director went forward without speaking toward the next village, the other following. So he collected all his men, who followed him silently, in single file, to Archie.

Here they circled the ceremonial house counterclockwise and then seated themselves in a circle, the director facing east. A few

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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[I said],
"I did not lose the trail,
I followed them straight.
And here the ground is soft.
Four times I circled round,
And I came back.
It must be here.
Come, admit it!
I will treat you as I would them."

Then I pulled out the club, hung to my belt.
With that I hammered them.
I finished them.(7 and 9)

727 As soon as the sunrays had struck the basket, its holder re-
783 placed the cover and handed the whole to the enemy slayer. It was now possible for him to touch this dangerous object, and he took it in his arms and addressed it as: "my child!" His wife called it by the name a woman uses to her children, and each of his children in turn called it "younger brother."

778 The warrior might now take it home. He kept it wrapped in
727 many layers of buckskin or in a jar, often not in the house "because of the danger of its power," but in a crevice in the rocks some miles away. The enemy slayer must visit it regularly, must supply it with offerings of eagle down, tobacco, deer tails, if he were a hunter, and sometimes with food. He must speak to it affectionately, reciting the ritual over it. This treatment made the trophy his servant and added the dead Apache's power to his own, but if he were lax in his attentions, he and his whole family would be open to misfortune.

He could, now, touch a dead enemy or an enemy's possessions without fear. The songs he had dreamed, or learned from his guardian during purification, could be used to purify other warriors, and he would be compensated with tobacco and food. He would expect to sit in the council, to have the right to speak, and to be generally regarded as a "ripe man."

1 [Basket containing a scalp or other war trophy.- Ed.]

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

825 The writer did not succeed in identifying the birds eligible for this ceremonial killing. Almost every variety of hawk and eagle can be seen at some time in southern Arizona, either as migrant, winter visitor, or a year-long resident. However, the usual hunting time was in summer, when those most commonly found are [34] the golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*), Swainson's hawk (*Buteo Swainsoni Bonaparte*), western red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis caluris*), and zone-tailed hawk (*Buteo abbreviatus*). The Papago said that all eagles gave power but not all hawks. In general the hawk was the younger brother of the eagle, not so important, but able to fly faster. He was the guardian spirit of runners, while the eagle was sought by the would-be shaman.

223 There was no ownership of nests, and the writer heard of no trapping ritual. The method most often mentioned was to shoot an adult bird when it was heavy after having eaten and therefore unable to fly.

223 However, some of the songs speak of captive eagles, so trapping 825 may have been practiced also. The act which gave power was the final plucking of feathers from the dead body. Every one of these had its purpose: the wing feathers as shaman's divining plumes, breast feathers as offerings and means to rain magic, tail feathers for war arrows. He who had plucked them and received his feather trophy, had all the honors of a "ripe man."

223 This exploit was easier than the war party or the salt pilgrimage, 783 and the purification, too, was less strenuous. In some places it was reduced to only four days, and the relatives of the neophyte were not affected at all.(5) At present, when war has ceased, and the salt pilgrimage is performed by only a few villages, eagle killing is the chief means to supernatural power. The writer saw two houses bearing the tuft of eagle down which means that the purification of a killer is in progress.

223 The man who planned this exploit selected his guardian just as 778 other power seekers did. He also selected some sheltered spot, far from the house, where he would pass his period of purification. Having killed his bird, he did not return to the house, but signaled from a distance, and the guardian, who was watching, came out to him. The first task was to pluck the eagle. The guardian did not

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

touch the feathers himself, since they were not yet purified and therefore dangerous, but he pointed with a stick to show in what order they should be pulled and laid down.

The killer stretched the eagle out on the ground and stood on its wings. First, under the guardian's direction, he pulled out the down feathers, which had special value as offerings to the supernatural and would become his own perquisite. He first took the down from under the right wing, then from the left, then from under the tail, from the back, and from inside the legs. That from under the tail, which is particularly soft, he tied to a stick, in the manner of a prayer stick. This he stuck upright in the ground beside him during the period of his seclusion, while the rest of the down was placed in a buckskin bag to await purification.

The next feathers to be plucked were the two top wing feathers, one from the right wing and one from the left. It was these top feathers, and no others, which were used as shaman's divining plumes. They had a special name, *mátcuita'k* (that which finds out). They were the perquisite of the guardian, who, if he were not a shaman himself, might keep them for trade at a high price. The plume from the right wing was laid down first, with its tip to the east, then that from the left, crossing it, with tip to the south. After them the other plumes were plucked alternately from the two wings and laid down in regular order, so that a cross was formed with wing tips pointing north, east, south, and west.[2] Above the wing feathers the tail feathers were laid, continuing the cross formation. The feathers were then covered with a mat or buckskin weighted with stone, and the killer took his place beside them for his sixteen days of purification. Until this period of quarantine was over, no one but the guardian must approach him and no one at all must touch the feathers, on pain of illness.

The details of purification differed in different localities, as they did with enemy slayers and salt pilgrims. Some villages considered this contact with the supernatural so much less important than the others that they made the retreat only four days.(5) Others, like Kaka, used a graduated form of retreat in four periods of four days each.

[2] The usual Papago circuit is counterclockwise. The informant could give no reason for the change in this case.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

759 the meeter had heard. There was every opportunity for such adap-
787 tation, for curing songs were not secret, like shaman songs. The
533 performance itself was public, and half the village attended to help with the singing and gain a blessing. One boy of twelve, known to the writer, had already a large repertoire of curing songs and would have found little trouble in "dreaming" more.

Some meeters had only one dream and one song but usually, they went on to a whole series, which might involve several visitants. One(17) who supplied many of the songs quoted, was almost a full-time professional, with a song for every ailment. He had a list of symptoms for each disease, gained, he said, by observation of the people for whom he sang. In fact, every singer was able to give some such list. Some symptoms seemed to be so widely known that when they appeared no diagnostician was called for, but the curing singer came in immediately.

755 The singer was invited by having a little corn meal placed in
759 his hand. He came at sunset and sang or recited all night, with
533a pause at midnight to eat. The one seen by the writer had no fetish, but after each song, he leaned toward the patient so that she could breathe from him. If several singers were present, they took turns, each singing his own songs, while the other singers and the audience helped.

The songs below are from several different singers, arranged so that all those referring to one animal are placed together. The statements of symptoms have been added for what interest they may have, and also the fetish and the musical accompaniment demanded by each singer.[4] The songs "were composed by the animals, telling of their habits, so that people would understand them and not cause annoyance." They might, therefore, be comic or disparaging, as well as poetic or realistic. They were never merely laudatory and never in the form of a prayer. But quite usually they began with the animal's name as a powerful form of invocation.

755 RANGER.—*Symptoms:* swelling, or boils on the neck. *Fetish:* a
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[4] Many of these details may have become standardized in the area, since Russell often quotes similar ones for the Pima (Russell, pp. 262–67).

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

skin of a badger paw stuffed with grass. *Musical instrument:* basket.(17)

2. There is a thundering going along
Above me it is going along.
I fear it.
I fear it.
Into my house I go.(20)

BUTTERFLY.—*Symptoms:* diarrhea and sleeping spells in children. *Fetish:* a painted butterfly made of cactus rib. *Musical instrument:* basket tapped with a knife.(17)

BUZZARD.—*Symptoms:* sores of children; results if a buzzard eats some of a hunter's kill while his wife is pregnant. *Fetish:* buzzard-wing feathers. *Musical instrument:* rattle (sometimes a dance in the formation of a girl's puberty dance).(17)

COW.—*Symptoms:* fever in infants, caused by a man tormenting a cow while his wife is pregnant. *Fetish:* a braided cowtail. *Musical instrument:* a basket rubbed with a knife.(20)

COYOTE.—*Symptoms:* itching. *Fetish:* coyote tail. *Musical instrument:* basket, tapped with hand.(17)

3. Dried cholla
Made into a coyote!
Yonder it ran to meet me,
Coyote-like, howling.(20)

4. Our comrade [Coyote], thirsty,
Just yonder lay down to sleep.
Quail birds
Above him fluttered their wings.
Frightened, he jumped up,
And having looked everywhere:
"Haiya, God, my Father!
Let it rain *now!*"(20)

5. Little gray Coyote!
Indeed, a dirty girdle
You make for yourself, of snakes.(13) [6]

[6] A duplicate of this song is found with the Pima (Russell, p. 304).

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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6. Within the house of the bats
Bats flap their wings
Loudly.
The gray partner [Coyote]
Tries to see them.
He goes running around
And peeping in.(16)

7. Coyote, thirsty,
Ran out of his hole.
Up yonder, at Hackberry Well,
He was running about.
Around the water,
He was running about.
Very cautiously
He began to peep in.(13)

755 798 753 DEER.—*Symptoms:* cough (tuberculosis); attacks hunters who gorge on deer fat, and the immediate remedy is to swallow ashes from the campfire.(22) If the illness is serious, a deer must be killed and eaten without salt. Some placed the deer's head on a pile of sand facing the invalid,(16) or a hunter might take the head, hold it at arm's length, and dance, imitating the deer. Only a hunter can sing the songs, which are the regular deer-hunting cycle. *Fetish:* the deer tail, the basket drum, and the notched stick(17).

FROG.—*Symptoms:* sores on body. *Fetish:* wooden effigy. *Musical instrument:* basket rubbed with stick. (The frog, besides bringing and curing illness, may be invoked for rain.)

x [539]

8. Narrow Mountain upon
A big green frog was hopping.
On the summit a mist
Was lying.(31)

FLY.—*Symptoms:* no symptoms were given. When curing for the fly sickness, take an ember from the fire, rub it between the hands as a fly rubs its legs, chew the powder in the mouth, then put it on the sore. The embers must be black, not red.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

9. The fly children!
Their big hands!
Therewith they rub the embers.(20)

There is a small blue fly who brings rain. The children used to catch it, black its head with soot, say: "Go! Bring rain from my grandmother!"

Deer speaks.

10. The little blue rain fly
Huddled close to my horn tip
is hanging.
Greatly shall I be annoyed.(20)

GILA MONSTER.—*Symptoms:* sore feet; sometimes sores all over, from stepping on the animal. Nursing mothers may lose their milk if he crosses their path. The best remedy is to catch the gila monster, tie a red rag around its neck, and send it away, taking the evil with it. Otherwise the *fetish* is an effigy carved from cactus rib, with red cloth around its neck.(26)

11. A lizard maiden
Was thirsty and crying.
A gila monster ran up
And was comforting her.
The lizard stopped, and then
The gila monster carried her off
And took her to wife.

12. Down I sit;
Songs I begin.
Down I sit;
Songs I begin.
Here around me
All the earth shakes(22).

GOPHER.—*Symptoms:* menstrual cramps, suffered by women who have sat on a gopher hill "and been married by a gopher." *Fetish:* stuffed gopher skin or the image made of clay from a gopher hill. *Musical instrument:* basket tapped with a stick.(17)

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

772
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13. The sun is setting;
The land is growing dark.
In all directions [darkness] keeps spreading.
There songs are sounding;
I shall learn and shall sing.(20)

[828] 755 753

HORSE.—*Symptoms:* insanity. A white man's disease from a white man's animal. The visitant who gives songs to cure it is another white man's importation, the devil.[6] No fetish or instrument. The content of these songs, which have very little to do with the devil, is an example of the stereotyped sort of thing which was quite permissible in original "dreamed" material.

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14. Poor little me!
Around me gather the people.
A devil they think me.
Something the devils make me do.
I mount my horse,
I am going.
I am running about.(12)

15. Far yonder was I running, running.
Far yonder on Cactus Mountains
Was I running.
Thence I saw Mamakumat Mountains.
On them was I running, circling.
Thence I saw Ajo Mountain
On it I was running, somersaulting.
Ceaselessly running!
Devilishly playing!(12)

16. The Hot Springs
Which lie this way,
To them I came.
Thence I saw Twisted Neck Mountain;
Stretching far, I saw it.(12)

17. To a far land I ran.
Oh, it is little devil children!

[6] The Papago word for devil is some approximation to the Spanish *diablo*, usually *djiaul*, or *nyiaul*. The Pima speak of "Nyavolt, an evil spirit, causing a horse to throw his rider" Russell, p. 265. Songs similar to those below are quoted on pp. 329–30.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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There they met me.
They took me.
And westward they led me,
Trying to tell me something.
I could not learn it;
I could not learn it.
They left me.
Then I ran back,
Trying to understand.(12)

18. Now, here I have finished;
Yonder I have been running about,
Yonder, in my old haunt,
A devil is tied.
Thither I ran, and by the ear I took him.
I blindfolded him; he snorted
And blew upon my heart.(12)

HORNED TOAD.—*Symptoms:* sores on feet from stepping on a toad. *Fetish:* wooden image or live toad. After the singing the live toad may be set free with something red tied around its neck as an offering.[1] *Musical instrument:* basket rubbed with a stick.(17 and 25)

753
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19. A little gray horned toad shaman
Lost his wife;
All over the earth he ran,
Sorrowing.(26)

20. The red ants
Are throwing darkness toward me;
I fear it.
Four times sideways I tilt,
And in yonder direction I run.

OWL.—*Symptoms:* sleepiness and dizziness; "heart-shaking." *Fetish:* tuft of the down from under the owl's wing. *Musical instrument:* basket tapped with a stick. Some said the owl is the only

[1] Cf. the Isleta custom of tying a piece of yarn around the horned toad's neck and telling it to "go make a manta." Parsons, 1928–30, p. 211n. Also Parsons 1929 p. 1969.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

sickness for which a woman may sing.[a] "The songs are easy; the others songs would make her insane."(25, 26)

The owl speaks.

[639]

21. Just before me
The evening is growing red.
I fly out, and four times
I hoot.(20)

QUAIL.—*Symptoms:* sore eyes. *Fetish:* the quail's top-knot. *Musical instrument:* scratching stick and rasp.(17, 25)

[639]

22. Quail children under the bushes
Were chattering.
The comrade [Coyote] heard them.
He ran up, pattering softly,
And stood wiggling his ears in all directions.(20)

RABBIT.—*Symptoms:* convulsions in children, caused by the father killing a rabbit during his wife's pregnancy. *Fetish:* rabbit tail. *Musical instrument:* basket and scraping stick.(25, 26)

[639]

23. The sun sets;
The flat land is black.
Here, at the tips of my ears
A narrow [strip of] darkness lies.

ROAD RUNNER.—(chaparral cock) *Symptoms:* sharp pains in the stomach. *Fetish:* a sharp ironwood stick (because the pains are sharp)—.(20) No song recorded.

SNAKE.—*Symptoms:* pain in the abdomen (which seems to twist and wiggle like a snake). Caused, not by snake bite, but by stepping over a snake's track. *Fetish:* a snake carved from a crooked greasewood branch. *Musical instrument:* basket, tapped with a knife.(17)

[639]

24. Crazy children
Threw dust in my eyes.
I want to do something for myself.
Four times I breathe deeply.(20)

[a] One who "meets" the owl may also commune with the dead who take owl form. This permits of curing sicknesses caused by the dead. Miss Densmore quotes several songs of this sort. Densmore, pp. 114–34.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

TURTLE.—*Symptoms:* sores on the feet. *Fetish:* a rattle in turtle shape with marking on one side. *Musical instrument:* same as fetish.(25 and 26)

25. A little black turtle,
Just yonder at Pitcikin,
Got drunk.
The girls he ogled.
Trying to talk Mexican,
Trying to talk American.
"See how bright I am!"
Said the turtle.(31)

26. Little black turtle,
Little shaman,
Over there goes crawling, crawling, crawling,
Over there goes crawling.(31)

27. A little black turtle
Toward Badger Well was crawling;
Toward it, squint-eyed, he was looking.
He stood near me,
And twisting up, he looked at me.(26)

28. Little full-bodied turtle,
All alone!
His wife ran away,
Yonder, up Baboquiviri, he climbs,
Trying to look for her.
But he did not find her.
So he fell down and died.(20)

A war song by the turtle when he followed a war party and outstripped them all in valor. *Haiyu* is turtle language. The turtle's bravery is due to his thick back. He can't be killed.

29. *Haiyu, haiyu, haiyu!*
Upon the green rock
A green eagle descended.
Haiyu, haiyu, haiyu, haiyu, haiyu!

Not only animals caused sickness, but plants, winds and undefined mythical beings. A very common one was *pihuri*, spoken

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

I can do nothing
There; before me he is groaning.
The scalp songs cast light.
Therewith it is ended.(20)

Lovesickness in men might also be due to the scalp mannikins and might be cured by the scalp songs. But it was more often attributed to the light women who filled the role of courtesans or prostitutes. As a fetish a little clay figure of a woman was made, or of a man and a woman. The curing songs were the songs of the light women which were sung at the drinking festival. One was quoted as being used especially for lovesickness. It was sung without musical accompaniment, by anyone who knew it.

Addressed by a man to the light woman who takes him to dance.

46. Women surround me.
Yonder songs are sounding;
Toward them they lead me.
Yonder songs are sounding;
Toward them they lead me.(31)

47. Yonder toward the west I run;
Running, I sing.
A man I see who is carrying a woman.
He takes me with him.
My heart glows blazing.(31)

Eagle and salt sicknesses were less common. The eagle sickness generally showed itself in nosebleed or in lice. It resulted from the breaking of a taboo connected with eagle killing and could be cured only by an eagle killer, using his tuft of down as a fetish.[12]

THE HERB DOCTOR

In addition to the singers, we should list one practitioner who had not necessarily any connection with the supernatural. This was the herb doctor. In one sense, every housewife in Papagueria was a herb doctor for as a by-product of her food gathering she

[12] A similar treatment among the Pima is indicated by Russell, pp. 263 (eagle and hawk), 289, 333.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

787 carried it with them to the ocean, so I was drawn after it." The clown
177 then offered to lead the old man home again to Santa Rosa. He moved under the earth, as a ceremonial clown always does, guiding the man above by his singing.

He led the smoke keeper, not to his home, but to the shrine outside the village, where four children were once sacrificed to prevent a flood. The children came out singing, and they and the clown led the old man through all the familiar sites of legendary Papagueria. They went to Superstition Mountain, where a group of people was turned to stone in the legendary flood. They crossed water, as did Elder Brother and his conquering army. At last they came to the "Earth Navel." It was in the shape of a thatched council house, hung with all the implements of ancient Papago life. There were upon it bows and arrows, masks for singers in the prayer-stick festival, and rain symbols. Above these was a tall pole, painted red, white, and blue. The clown said to the old man: "See, the white men are correct; the earth moves," and as he looked the house with its pole began to revolve. Then the clown bade him: "Look at all these things that our people used to use. Think about them and tell the people also to look and think once more. After that, if they wish to abandon them and take up White ways, let them do so."

Then the flood children went singing home, and the old man followed.

787 On the basis of this story, the old man composed a series of
x 796 songs, which (after the manner of the songs in the origin myth)
533 refer to the crises in the story rather than explain them. He had
● 778 huge effigies made by the villagers, representing the children's shrine, Superstition Mountain, and the earth navel. These were decorated with birds and animals in clay, wood, and oilcloth and with all the paraphernalia he had seen in his dream. They were placed on the dance ground some thirty feet apart and acted as a stage setting.

x 796 The old man taught his songs to the scraping-stick musicians
533 and to all other men in the village who wished to learn, as well as a number of the older women. For this purpose they gathered nightly in the council house for a month. He told the singers the dream on which the songs were based, but no one else knew unless some singer explained to him. The old man then selected ten

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

ristans and "fiscales," or collectors of tithes. Some of this organization persists at San Xavier to the present day. [797]

None of this achievement had much to do with the Papago of this study, who lived in the remote desert, outside Kino's usual orbit. Nevertheless, it was probably due to him that certain features of Catholic ritual took firm root in Papago culture and went on developing even when missionary influence was removed. One of these was baptism with a Spanish name. Kino reports how he made flying trips through the desert and how its savage inhabitants came as far as a hundred leagues to be baptized.[2] One can hardly believe, in view of later reports, that their eagerness came from any understanding of the Christian rite. But naming [778] by a shaman was already a well-known source of power. It seems probable that the Desert People were anxious to add power from a white shaman to what they already had.

This attitude continued. Over the centuries the Papago made a habit of adding Spanish names to their own whenever possible, [484] and they even made long journeys to Mexico to obtain them with the proper ceremony. These trips to Mexico were another institution which may very well stem from Kino's time. The missionary found he was unable to give proper instruction to Indians during his hasty passage through their villages. He made a habit of inviting selected younger ones to spend a winter in his Sonora missions for indoctrination. The Indians were willing to go, for they had always been travelers. The barrenness of their country made it impossible to stay in any one place for the whole year, and they often spent the winter in the river valleys of Mexico merely to keep from starvation. The visit to a Mexican church, instituted by Kino, grew into a cult, as will appear later.

Kino's string of missions lasted until 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled from the New World. During their later years there had been no further attempts to evangelize the Desert People, and any visits the Papago chose to make had been purely on their own initiative. The same situation continued when the Franciscans took over, in 1769. Now, however, the center of church activity moved a little nearer the Papago, for the Franciscans gave

[2] Bolton, 1919, 161.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

The crucifix early [778] 744 177

achieved status as a fetish, and the writer has known shamans to prescribe it. The same is true of prayers. In a case of epilepsy, which was, perhaps, an unfamiliar disease, the diagnostician did not call for guardian spirit songs in the usual manner, but, instead, ordered the women to sing the Rosary.

There was little attempt to reconcile the Papago and Christian theologies, although some very modern Papago now speak of I'itoi as the Papago Christ. The important supernatural adopted from the new religion was the devil. One remembers the position of this character in Spanish folklore, where he often appears, not as a dignified arch fiend, but as a coyote-like character who is always being worsted. The *tciaur* (Spanish, *diablo*) as described by the Papago, is a being of this type, gay, silly, and even kindly. He is not unlike the Papago guardian spirit, nor is he foreign to the scalp mannikins, dirty and mischievous little spirits who drive people mad with love.

182 775 177 776

We hear echoes of the scalp mannikins in the plaint of one girl who had been married to the devil in a dream. "Do not sing for me," she said to the people who came to cure her. "Only those can be free of the devil who wish to be free, and I have been married a long time." She described her supernatural spouse as old and bearded, dressed in white man's clothes and owning a car. Nightly he took her in it through the mountains and showed her the piles of unmined gold and silver. Her obsession has reminders of the scalp mannikin legend and also of the snake, who marries young people, making them neglectful of human love. A gayer vision of the devil was that of a young man who danced nightly on the mountains with devil boys and devil girls.

177 787 776

To another, the devil came quite in the guise of a guardian spirit. He looked "like a Mexican, with yellow face and black moustaches."(12) He appeared riding a horse, at the head of a cavalcade of devils, all singing. This arrival, announced by a song, is typical of the guardian spirits. Commonly the song is used for curing a disease sent by the spirit itself. In this case the song cured ailments of horses or the "horse disease" in humans. The linking of the white man's animal with the white man's supernatural seems very logical. Perhaps, had the Papago been left un-

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

weather protection was needed at that season. Even at cactus camp, where only a few families could gather, some sort of meeting place was contrived though without ceremony.

No ceremonial property was kept in the house. The regular storage place for Papago sacred objects, whether individual or communal property, is some hiding place in the hills. Sacred things are considered too powerful to keep near human dwellings, besides which constant migration and danger from enemies made them safer elsewhere. The Keeper of the Meeting had his own hiding place for all village property which was brought to the Big House, sometimes with special rites, on the day of a ceremony.

SACRED OBJECTS

Each of the main villages had its arcana, brought up according to legend from underground or acquired from the supernaturals. These were kept, not in a bundle, but in a basket, made in the old plaited style; a system reminiscent of the southern California Shoshoneans and particularly of the Luiseño who also use a basket, or at least a matting bundle.[1]

The contents of the sacred basket were usually kept secret but since that at Pisinimo has been stolen, I have been given an account of it. The chief items may well have been relics of the Hohokam, although informants did not know how they were obtained. One was a small frog, carved of green stone and another a rude effigy in sandstone, said to represent Elder Brother, the Papago supernatural. The frog and the human effigy were both familiar in Hohokam handicraft. There was also one of the slate palettes previously mentioned and several long pendants of slate or lava. A number of well made arrow points may also have belonged to the former culture since otherwise it is hard to see why they should be included. The last item was three dried animal hearts, probably those of deer, with six eagle tail feathers stuck in each. All these were packed in the basket with eagle down and placed in a mesquite tree at a distance from the village. A delegation went to get the basket on all important occasions and then took it back again, after speaking to it and perhaps renewing the eagle feathers.

At Quitovaca, the basket contains a stone, said to be the diminished remnant of the heart of a monster, killed there by Elder Brother to save the people. It is packed with eagle down and with a stone effigy which was found (in old ruins?) and believed to have magic power. It is brought from the mountains on ceremonial occasions,

[1] Strong, p. 292.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

778 carried under escort to a special shelter and there guarded for twenty-four hours. It is opened only in the Big House by the older men, who clean it and renew the eagle feathers. If, while it is in the mountains, any disaster overtakes the village, they consider that the basket has been disturbed and hasten to visit it.

Arcana of the other villages are of the same general sort. Reports mention:

> a bag of deerskin, containing carved stone turtle (Hohokam relic?) wrapped in hand woven cotton cloth. a stick two feet long carved and painted with representations of melons, squash, corn and clouds. Four sticks ten inches long, painted blue with white spots and with a tuft of beargrass at the tip to represent corn leaves. Turkey feather prayer sticks. Various other objects such as arrow heads, curiously shaped stones, eagle tail feathers.

Even the daughter villages often acquired a fetish, in time, if they found a relic of the Ancient People under propitious circumstances or "saw a stone which some shaman thought would bring rain." The fetish must then be enclosed in a plaited basket of the proper ceremonial sort and placed in charge of a man who knew the hampatak, or Wise Speeches.

CEREMONIAL ORATIONS

796 778 537 The Wise Speeches, treated at length under the subject of ceremonies, were ancient rituals describing interviews with the rain god and the subsequent blessing of rain. The speeches were handed down from one generation to another in the loosely hereditary manner already described, that is, taught to the son or other relative who seemed most promising. They were the safeguard for handling sacred objects and no fetish could be unwrapped or moved without their recitation. A man who knew the speeches told the writer how he visited another village and was interested to see their fetish. He was told that the basket could not be opened without the speech; so he began to recite the one he knew. He was shown the fetish and, in four hours, there was a heavy rain.

CEREMONIAL LEADER

793 The man who knew Wise Speeches was the village ceremonial leader. He was called by a number of names: the Wise Speaker, the One Above, the One Ahead, the One Made Big, the Fire Maker, the Keeper of the Plaited Basket, the Keeper of the Smoke or of the Meeting. The last term will be used here as suggesting more of his official functions. As to the origin of his office, informants say:

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

except by one who had been through the purification of an Enemy Slayer or who was about to go through it. But as many as liked might gather around and make comments on the dead enemy's appearance. Whatever they shouted would be used later as their own nicknames and such names were much prized. One man had the nickname Gold Breasts, because he had used this expression about a dead Apache girl. Another was called Big Ribs because of his comment on a man. 766 727 [551]

No booty could be taken. All enemy possessions must be burned by Enemy Slayers, qualified to touch it. There were two exceptions. Enemy women and children were sometimes captured, not to be adopted, but to be sold as slaves in one of the markets. They could bring nothing with them, however. All their clothes and possessions must be burned. [567]

Also, each killer took a trophy from his victim. This was originally the scalp and so it appears in the tales of Elder Brother's campaign. Later it was only a lock of hair or four hairs from each temple. These were subsequently tied up with beads and ornaments or made into an effigy of the enemy himself with Apache dress and weapons. After the warrior's purification this served him as a fetish which must be tended and which would, in turn, give him power. Some men did not take scalps at all but brought one article of clothing, such as a moccasin or belt. This object was purely ceremonial. It was not to be used but to be kept in a basket like the effigy. 727 778

The formalities after a fight have been given in detail in another place. They involved the segregation of the Slayers for sixteen days, during which they were tended and instructed by ceremonial godfathers who, ever afterward, were regarded as relatives and so adopted into the gift giving circle. The wives of the godfathers tended the warriors' wives who were also secluded and made the new clay bowl and the olla for bathing water which was supplied to them each every four days. Meantime the warrior's relatives collected goods to pay the performers of the leaping dance which would purify his weapons on the final night of purification. 727 783

During the warrior's seclusion, the whole village danced around the scalp every night. It was finally purified on the last night by a leaping dance, performed by people of another village bearing the warrior's weapons and paid by his family. If the warrior were one of those particularly daring ones who fought with club and shield, a new shield was sometimes made for him on this occasion but this seems to have been optional. He sat through the purification of his weapons and finally was, himself, purified by the singing of other scalpers who, as mentioned before, had something the status of an

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

727 783 informal priesthood. Finally he was given the scalp, enclosed in a special ceremonial basket, like those which held the village arcana.

721 778 It was for this final reward that men really went to war. The safety of the village and the fact that a scalp brought it rain were stressed in speeches and were certainly the motive for a war party being ordered. But the individual had a definite emolument when he procured this trophy which would bring him luck ever afterward [755] and which was a definite source of material income. The presence of the scalp and the songs learned during purification cured the scalp sickness which meant any nervous disorder or sexual excite- [828] ment. Such things were thought to be akin to the madness of war and the warrior who had power over such madness could cure them and thus "feed himself."

His scalp trophy, as the saying was: "worked for him like a relative." The interpretation of his relationship with it was that he had taken it into his family. He now had to "feed" it with tobacco and eagle down, and, according to some, talk frequently to it, telling it his plans. It would reciprocate, as relatives did with that which it had to give, *i. e.* power in war and general good luck. But if he neglected it, the gift would not be made: the scalp would cease to be a relative and would do him harm just as it did to the uninitiated.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

836 this way of life but simply gave up and allowed her to have her way. If she had children, they would take care of them, since no stigma attached to a fatherless child. The only penalty was that they could not find her a husband, because she was not industrious. But when she was ready to settle down, she frequently found one for herself.

The mother of one informant is reported to have been such a woman. She had wandered to the Altar valley, where she met the young chief (American appointed) of a desert village. "Will you take me to your home?" she proposed. "Would you pick cactus fruit for me, grind my corn and fetch my water?" "Yes. I will pick cactus, grind corn and fetch water." She settled down and spent her life as an industrious wife.

Such incidents were not infrequent. In taking family histories, I several times heard the statement, "He married a light woman", without any other comment than a smile. "The light woman can't help it," informants explain. "Her heart bubbles over" (20). "When you talk to her, she doesn't know what you say. Her heart is outside her, running ahead, to the next dance" (31). Some of the most poetic of Papago songs deal with "the wandering heart" of the light woman.

836 832 753 787 Men who were flirtatious and had many sex affairs were also alluded to as playful but they did not form a distinct class like the women. Both men and women might be made ill by dreaming about the playful people. The symptoms were dizziness and lassitude. The cure was to make clay dolls in the form of man and woman and to have someone sing the girl's puberty songs. Lovesick visions were a common ailment and were attributed to several causes. An [824] unidentified root, called tcInaca't,[1] was used by men to attract both deer and girls. This root could assume the form of a man, enter a woman's house and cohabit with her after which she would [778] pine. Also the scalps or the Apache effigy in an Enemy Slayer's basket could take the form of a handsome man, and torment women with yearning.

831 825 If anyone, man or woman, thought too much of a person of the opposite sex, even though that person were a spouse, a snake would come and cohabit with the dreamer in the place of the loved one. Many tales are told of people who supposed themselves happily married, while others knew that they were going daily to the arroyo to lie with a snake. The same fate will overtake one who is not yet married and who thinks too much about love. Young people who look dreamy are reprimanded: "What are you mooning about? You must be married to a snake."

[1] cf. Zuni tenatsali.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

told the gopher to gnaw their arrows. And I know that they called on our dead warriors who have turned into owls and live in the Apache country to come and tell them where the enemy were. Facing the enemy they sat, while they sang, that they might bring darkness upon him. 159x 533 726

All that time the medicine man sat alone on a little hill waiting for the owl-dead to come to him. He had dreamed of owls himself and so he could speak with them. They always took an Owl-Meeter on to war with them to call the dead who are our spies. 159x 787 726

Soon that medicine man came back to the others and said: "Has anyone some of our old, wild tobacco?" They gave him some. Then he went back and they saw lights when he made two cigarettes. They saw those lights move as cigarettes do when two people are smoking. They heard the medicine man talking, very low, and then they saw both cigarettes thrown away. The medicine man came back and said: "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We will come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did. They jumped on the enemy and fought. When our men go toward an Apache, they do not just walk. They leap. My father got separated from the others, he and one Apache. There was a giant cactus between them. You know a cactus trunk is as wide as a thin man. Each shot at the other, and the other dodged behind the cactus till it was stuck full of arrows to the height of a man. 159x 726

They could both talk a little Spanish, so they shouted at each other. The Apache said: "I am a *man*." My father: "I, also, a *man*!" They threw down their bows and arrows and started wrestling. My father was down. Far away, his brother saw that and came running. He clubbed the Apache from behind. My father got up and clubbed, too. So he was dead and my father and his brother were Enemy Slayers.

They stopped fighting right away because an enemy's death lets power loose. You must take care of yourself until you have tamed that power or it will kill you. You could not stand against arrows with such power around you. You would be like a sick man. You would fall. So they painted their faces black to show what had happened. They carried black paint for that in little deerskin bags. They stood away from the others, and other men who had killed came to join them. 159x 727 979 [302]

The leader of the fight saw and he sent an old man who had killed, himself, so that he was not in danger. That man kept them away from the other men the way you keep away people who have a sickness. He made them walk behind the others and camp away from them all the way home. They never mixed their cornmeal for themselves. He mixed it for them—oh, so very little! Brave men do not want to eat when they are getting

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

power. He spoke to them, telling them how they would dream. I do not know what he said to them. Old men know that—old Killers. Even a Slayer's woman like me is not told. But my father told me the end of every speech he made because it was always the same:

Verily, who desires this thing?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship.

One morning we heard shouting. It was the messengers from the war party, two men who had been sent ahead on the fastest horses. They were far outside the village, standing up in their stirrups and yelling:

One Ear —— has killed!
Ridge Face —— has killed!
The Gambler —— has killed!

The last one was my father. They called the name of his brother too, but it was words you white people do not like to say, about peoples' bodies.

We heard them far off, over and over again in a loud sing-song, and everyone came outside to listen to know if we now belonged to the families of Enemy Slayers.

My mother had a basket of corn kernels in her hand; she was going to grind flour. But when she heard the shout she set it down and just stood there. Then Leaf Buds came running to our house. She just motioned to my mother to come with her. My mother did not speak to us, and she did not take anything with her; just her cotton blanket to put over her head, because the wife of a man who is being purified must not see the sun. The husband of Leaf Buds was building a shelter for my mother, out away from the houses. He had to run to do it as soon as he heard the shouts. Until it was done, my mother went to Leaf Buds' house and sat there with her blanket over her head, not speaking. They did not make us children do anything, because children cannot stand the suffering of being purified. But my grandmother called us into the house and told us to stay quietly there. She gave us sticks to scratch our heads with so we would not use our hands and make our hair fall out. She told us not to speak much and never to go near the fire.

So we could not go out to see the men come in. The young girls whose men were not Enemy Slayers ran out to meet the fighters, far into the mountains. Ah, that is a good dance. I did it myself, at other times when there was no Power in the family. The girls stand across the warriors' path and take their weapons from them. They take arrows and quivers and bows,

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

Four young men danced. To each, one of my father's brothers came up and put a piece of manure into his hand. First it was from a cow and then another cow, and then a horse and another horse. That was what my family gave to men who leaped in the war dance. It made them (my family) poor.

Then the old warriors began to sing for the Slayers, because the Pleiades had come to the top of the sky and it was midnight. They sang very secret songs that had come to them when they themselves were purified. Then they lit a long cane cigarette, such as our people used to use, and went and blew the smoke over the new Slayers. They spoke to them as relatives, taking them back again. "Hail, my younger brother. Hail, my nephew. Thus I do to you. You will be like me. You will be a great Killer. You will always find the enemy. You will be hunger enduring, cold enduring, thirst enduring. Thus you will live well." I could not see all this. They made me stay in the dark with my grandmother. But my father told me afterward, for I am a woman to whom a man can tell solemn words and she will remember them well.

Then they took my father out in the dark before the morning came and bathed him again, and they bathed us, too. Then we were purified and we could have the Apache scalp in our family to work for us like a relative. All the time that my father was being purified a woman had been making a basket, the kind that we use only for scalps and other sacred things. My father's guardian had taken the Apache hair and made it into a little man. He could touch Apache hair because he was a Slayer and it would not make him sick.

That little man had a buckskin shirt with fringe, like an Apache, and a feather in its hair and little moccasins. The guardian brought it to my father in the basket. My father was not afraid of that enemy's hair. He said to it: "My child." Then he gave it to my mother and she took it in her arms and said: "My child." He gave it to my brothers and my sisters and me. We held it and said: "My younger brother." Then it was in our family and it would always help us. My father laid it in the basket and all around it he put eagle feathers which are powerful. He put in tobacco and he said: "This is your house, my child." Then he wrapped that basket in deerskins and hung it in the thatch and we had Power.

III

My younger brother was going to be a medicine man. We knew it from the time he was very little, because sometimes he would fall over as if he was dead. Sitting in the house with us, he would fall over. Or when he was

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

know those songs. Many nights I lay on my mat, hearing them each one four times, eight times, sixteen times. Some women are thinking only of baskets and they do not remember such things. But I remember. 159x 755 633

Once I got sick myself. It was from my father's scalps, they said. My father had been a Slayer three times by then and in our house there was a basket with four Apache dolls. Prisoners, we call them. My father would send us all out of the house, and he would take down that basket and talk to them. "Now, my children, I am going to give you tobacco. Now, my children, here is a little food for you." Then he would give them some of the good squash we had just taken from our field. 159x 798 782

But somehow he must have angered them, so that they felt they were not treated well. Those Prisoners are very wild. They come out of their basket like little men and run about the house at night. It happens even if you do not make them into dolls as my father's guardian did; even if you simply lay the hair in a basket. They come like handsome men and lie beside women and make them sick. They pinch you and pull your hair at night, or they swing up and down in their basket and whistle. Sometimes a man comes home to see a handsome young man coming out of his house. He goes in angry to his wife, and she says there has been no one there. It was the scalp. Then the owner must give it eagle feathers and speak kindly to it. These Prisoners are dangerous. [753]

They did not come like a man to me, but my head ached, I vomited. I ached all over. The medicine man sang and smoked all night, and then he said: "It's the Prisoners."

The only thing to do was for men who had taken scalps to come and sing for me the songs they had dreamed when they were being purified. There were four Slayers in our village. They were Spider Hole, Squirrel Ear, Yellow Legs, and one had just a Mexican name, José. 159x 755

They came in the evening. My sleeping mat was moved up close to the fire and they sat around me. Each had four down feathers from under the tail of an eagle fastened to a little stick. That is one of the most sacred things we have, those eagle down feathers, because they bring the rain; they almost *are* the rain. All men who have Prisoners have those feathers to keep their Prisoners quiet.

They took their feathers out of little deerskin bags, and then took gourd rattles in their right hands. I like to hear a gourd rattle; it makes me want to dance. But it cures the sick, too. It is a great thing.

First Spider Hole rattled, and sang four songs that had come to him in his loneliness after he had killed an enemy. Then he blew over me and he cleansed me with the eagle's feathers, brushing them over me. Then all the

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

"Cleanse me!" So he comes and blows over them and then they are well.

People used to come to my husband even when we were home again at Standing Rock. Any one who had done wrong at the harvest feast would come to him; those who had danced or sung wrong or, maybe, fallen down when they were carrying some sacred thing. That can make you very sick, perhaps, so that you cannot walk any more.

My husband would put on his white mask, with the big bunch of turkey feathers on top. He kept that mask in a jar, far out in the hills behind our house. You must not keep such things near you. They are too strong. Perhaps you would die from their power. But he would go out all alone and get it, and come back from the north, wearing it. Then he would blow on the people. If they were very sick indeed, he had to have singers to sing the harvest songs and make the harvest feast again for that sick man. That is the way to get well.

When my oldest boy was twelve years old, my brother died, back at Mesquite Root. That was the brother who was a medicine man. He had been well known for a long time. He used to give the white clay to drink to maidens and to babies. Often I have seen him mix it up with owl feathers though no one is supposed to know that is how he does. But there are many medicine men in my family. I know.

My brother had two children and a wife, but all of them died. He could not stop it; I think it was the power of some evil medicine man. Then he himself got sick. A medicine man tried to suck out the sickness but it was too late; he was already spoiled inside. There was no one at Mesquite Root to take care of him now; my mother was very old. So I went back to stay. He lived two months and he taught me many cures. "Now you must stand in my place," he said. And he told all the people: "I am going to die but she will take care of you."

He told me how to cure sick people by rubbing up and down their legs. I can feel if there is a lump inside them and I work it out smooth. Sometimes I give them castor oil. Do you think I did not learn that from my brother? I do not know. I am old and have had many visions. He told me how to put a feather in my mouth, and after that, to spit blood. I can do that, but when I have the blood, I do not throw it away; I swallow it. This is a very mysterious thing. I tell few people that I have such power.

I got the feather in a magic way. I was sitting in the evening in our doorway, waiting for my son to come home from tending the horses. A little bird came and sat above the door and began calling. I did not understand. But at night, when I was asleep, the bird came again, and then, in my dreams, I could understand. He said: "You think I am only a little

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

342 556 Thus the type of house is something of an index to the occupant's economic status. In the more prosperous eastern districts, adobe construction has been so widely accepted that a wattle house is a fairly sure sign that the occupants have a below-average income. In the western districts, however, a wattle house is far more often a sign of resistance to white culture. For example, at the time of this study all the houses in two of the most conservative villages in Hickiwan District were wattle-and-daub, regardless of the individual owner's economic status.

The type of house roof is also an index to prosperity or acculturation or both. Despite the fact that a roof of thatch overlaid with dirt is cooler in summer and warmer in winter, any eastern Papago who can possibly afford it will roof his house with wood, tar paper, or tin. There is one advantage in the white man's roof—it does not leak as much as a dirt roof.

The visitor can also see evidence of economic status and of attitude toward whites in the house furnishings. The poorer families and those antagonistic to white culture have dirt floors and few tables, chairs, beds, stoves, glass window panes, and "store" dishes. In relatively prosperous and acculturated homes—considerably more numerous in the East than in the West—house 352 556 furnishings may include a good stove, a kerosene refrigerator, a washing machine, and a phonograph or battery radio. In these homes, chairs, tables, beds, some type of stove, and "store" dishes are regarded as necessary for comfort; when families from such homes go to the cactus camp and do without these things, they feel that they are "camping out."

[778] In a Catholic home there is always a little altar, a small table or shelf draped with white. Here one sees *santos* or holy pictures, a candle in a red glass, and perhaps some paper flowers. An alarm clock, a pencil, and other odds and ends are not considered out of place here.

342 [414] All houses and storerooms, however flimsily built, have doors and some kind of lock. Storerooms are kept locked even during the day except when someone is working close by, and houses are locked when the family goes away for even part of a day. "No one from here would steal anything, but a stranger might."

356 515 House and yard are almost invariably neat and clean; even dirt floors are sprinkled and swept every morning. The Papago also values personal neatness and cleanliness. Neither is easy to achieve in this dusty, water-scarce country.

513 Sleeping arrangements vary greatly according to personal predilection. Most people, except the very old, now have beds, but everyone can, and frequently does, sleep on the floor or the ground without discomfort. As a matter of fact, some of the beds are without mattresses or springs; the owners merely

[Text continues on p. 44-Analyst]

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

789 but they were also occasions when the rain spirits living over the Gulf were besought to follow the Desert People back to their homes. The Papago believe that official prohibition of these trips through Mexico has brought about a general decrease in rainfall. The circle dances still held on the Reservation are connected with rain-bringing; the Christian groups also have ceremonies to pray for rain, which will be discussed in the following section.

789 778 Another means of bringing the rain is the manipulation of the village fetishes. The fetishes consist of a sacred object; usually a stone, which is kept hidden in the mountains, and a medicine basket, which is kept in the home of the "Keeper of the Smoke." In the old days this official was the head man of the village, who presided at the council meetings in the village "round house" and also directed ceremonial life. After the Spaniards introduced the office of village chief, with authority over secular matters, the Keeper of the Smoke became a purely religious functionary. His duties now are to direct the wine ceremony and to care for the village fetishes, which must be carefully guarded, since they assure the well-being of the village and give supernatural sanctions to its existence. If any unauthorized person, such as a bad medicine man, should handle them, drought and disaster might ensue. Once a year, just before the wine ceremony, the Keeper of the Smoke brings the medicine basket before the men of the village and opens it. The handling of its contents and the wine ceremony together bring the rain.

789 273 Both the handling of the fetishes and many activities of daily life are directed to rain-bringing, but the principal means is the wine ceremony, which occurs after the fruit of the saguaro cactus has been picked in June. From the pulp of the fruit, syrup is made and carried back to the villages to be fermented for use in the ceremony, held sometime during the summer.

When the time has been set, each family donates syrup for ceremonial use, probably about four quarts. This syrup, together with some for family use, is sent to the round house for fermentation in large ollas. During the fermentation period of four nights, the syrup is carefully watched and tested by men who have learned the proper procedure, and all the villagers gather each night to participate in the songs and dancing which aid the process. They sing of clouds, wind, rain, and the growing of crops and perform a simple circle dance around a small fire in the dark night. Everything is done four times. While they sing and dance the medicine men rise and stand quietly, waving their sacred eagle feathers. If the feathers gather moisture or drip, the rain will come soon; if they stay dry, the rain is many days away.

After the medicine men announce that the wine has reached the proper stage of fermentation, they and the singers make set speeches. Then the wine

[Text continues on p. 76- Analyst]

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

Jesuits, the date of the pilgrimage was shifted to the feast day of St. Francis of Assisi, patron of the Franciscans, October 4.[10]

The change in the identity of the saint made no difference to the faithful. San Francisco Xavier is their saint, who watches over them and helps to bring rain to the desert. Pictures of the saint lying upon his tomb crowd the walls of their little churches and the altars in their homes. Underhill remarks the sharp contrast between this "cult of a dead man" and the Papago fear of the dead. She believes it quite possible that the Papago do not realize that the picture represents a sarcophagus; for, when the Papago buy a waxen image of San Francisco, they dress it in a silk nightshirt and lay it in a doll bed. "When asked why the saint is in bed, they are vague. He is a white supernatural, and that is his way. They cannot tell why he performs his miracles lying down, but they know he performs them."[11]

The annual pilgrimage to honor San Francisco is the greatest event of the year for many a Papago family. For weeks ahead of time talk is of nothing else. A cattle roundup and sale are held in September to procure enough food, clothing, and supplies for the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey and the week spent in Magdalena. The family *santos* must be packed carefully, so that they, too, can be taken to receive the blessing of the saint. At last the family sets out by wagon, truck, or car, sleeping by the road at night.

In Magdalena they camp together with other Papago families in a large open field on the edge of town. Every day they go to market in one of the two central plazas, where there are row on row of little booths, with fruits and candies, bakery goods, bright-colored clothing, knickknacks, and sacred objects for sale. The adults buy clothing and household equipment for the coming year and gifts for everyone at home, while the children wander about the plaza, gazing at the booths, spending a few nickels a day for sweets or occasionally riding the merry-go-round.

Menfolk are likely to be found in the bars around the second plaza, since in Mexico they can get all the liquor they can pay for. Women worry because their men get drunk and lose all their money to the Mexicans or are jailed for creating a disturbance. A loud-speaker blares out the names of those who have been arrested, and their wives obtain their release by paying a fine.

At least once during the week the mother (and perhaps the father) takes the children into the church to touch the image of St. Francis. New *santos* and bright ribbons bought at the shops outside, and the *santos* from home, are

10. At the mission of San Xavier del Bac near Tucson, also founded by Kino and later rebuilt by the Franciscans, the great celebration of the year is still on December 3, the day of the Jesuit saint.
11. Ruth Underhill, "Acculturation at the Papago Village of Santa Rosa" (MS), p. 31.

[Text continues on p. 88-Analyst]

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

153 among the Papago; this is quite understandable if we recall that the Papago child knows few restrictions which do not apply equally to the surrounding world of grown-up people. His desires are usually respected and discussed with the same seriousness as those of his elders.

Embarrassment in public is the greatest cause of shame to Papago children of both the western and the eastern districts (see Table 8).

In the Papago society in which each family member shares the daily work, in which on festive occasions ritual performances by certain groups or individuals do not seem to play an essential role, accidental or purposeful singling-out of a person in front of a number of onlookers is likely to cause deep embarrassment. In children and young unmarried people this feeling of discomfort would probably be increased by the Papago principle of seniority which, though never very strict or forbidding, teaches the younger ones not to draw undue attention to themselves in the presence of older people. Besides these factors of social organization and child-training, the individual Papago's outlook on life seems to include a dread of conspicuousness.

153 778 As we have seen before, among the Papago the average man and woman are expected to go through life with its sequence of work and pleasure in happy compliance with the good strokes of fate and in modest resignation to the bad. Extraordinary luck and spiritual power may come to anybody from the supernatural but cannot be achieved by effort alone. Whoever has this power is looked upon with awe. The obverse of this view is expressed in the relative lack of pity and charity shown to persons struck by misfortune and the ridicule thrust upon those who, being without supernatural favor, make themselves conspicuous. The latter attitude may be in part a protective device against the usurpation of undue power.

This may explain why the feeling of shame for Papago children is largely equivalent to embarrassment in public. Again we find that children from the western part of the Reservation, who are less acculturated, reveal this trait to a remarkably high degree, while eastern children have developed, probably in substitution, a clear tendency toward shame about their own bad behavior.

FEAR

153 The one unpleasant emotion about which Papago children responded almost as freely as to questions about "happiness" is "fear." Fear was, and apparently still is, an essential part of Papago life. In the desert which holds numerous dangers for man—death from starvation and the bites of poisonous snakes—fear is necessary for survival, because it cautions the daring and makes him doubly alert to the hidden enemy.

[Text continues on p. 204 - Analyst]

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

on a former expedition danced around the fire carrying a club and followed by four or five women. This action of the man was a severe test of his strength as he was required to keep it up until daybreak, jumping sidewise, up and down, trotting, dodging forward, falling down, and acting in every way as he had acted on the warpath. He carried whatever he had carried when on the warpath. Hugh Norris said he had seen such a man fall as though shot, then jump up and go on. The only time he stopped and walked was when he went over and put his hand on the heads of the men who had killed Apache, one after another. The singers were silent when he did this, and when it was completed he waved his hand as a signal for the singing to be resumed. When the singers were silent at other times he stood erect and danced on one foot. The women imitated his action, even trying to "jump in his tracks." They were not required to continue all night but could "change off" when they were tired.

In the early morning of the next day an Apache scalp and an effigy of an Apache was placed in a "spirit basket," to be kept and respected by each warrior who had killed an Apache. He assumed the care of this scalp as a serious responsibility, believing that sickness and evil would follow any neglect of his obligation to it. A "medicine basket" is described and illustrated by Frank Russell [39] and the writer's informant identified this as the type of basket used for containing an Apache scalp. Russell states, "Medicine baskets are the same material and style of weaving as the trinket basket." They are long, square cornered, with rounded margin, and are made in two nearly equal parts, one of which slips over the other as a lid. The effigy of the Apache was about 2 inches long, the dimensions of the basket allowing for a wrapping of cloth. It was made of a kind of mud that will not crack and the head was made of the sap that dries on greasewood. When this is soaked it becomes like glue and a face can be modeled in it. A tuft of white eagle down was put on the head. It sometimes took several men to kill an Apache and they all shared the honor, the scalp being cut into the proper number of pieces, a few hairs being sufficient to be put with the effigy. Thus the preparation for the Limo included the providing of the spirit baskets, the making of the effigies, and the count of the scalps (or portions of scalps), so there was one for each warrior who had shared in the killing of an Apache. The dividing of the scalps made it possible to provide for the spirit baskets and also have scalps for carrying in the victory dances.

An old medicine man had charge of the ceremony of placing the Apache effigies and scalps in the baskets. At the time of the ceremony he sat facing the warriors, holding the effigies and a corresponding number of Apache scalps or pieces of scalp. The warriors

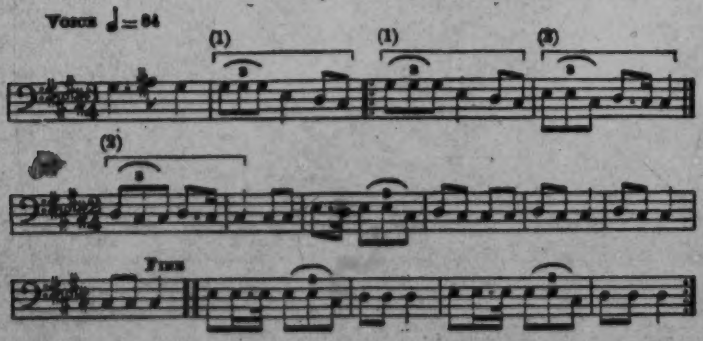
[39] Op. cit., p. 145.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

727 718 who had taken the scalps were seated in a row. Each had his spirit basket open before him on the ground, the cover being laid at one side of the basket with the ties spread underneath, ready to be quickly fastened. The medicine man took up a scalp and held it toward the Apache country. When an Apache spirit passed by he was aware of its presence and at once wrapped the scalp around the head of the effigy. He handed this to one of the warriors, who received it in both his hands and laid it very carefully, with both hands, in the spirit basket. In addition to the effigy, the basket contained a half-burned cigarette and "some sort of white clay made into dough." (When the Koŏp songs were sung for the sick the owner of the basket took out this clay, moistened a little of it, and put it on the sick person. See p. 103.) When all the effigies had been thus placed the medicine man made a speech about the bravery of the warriors. At the conclusion of this speech he told them to take hold of the baskets, and they put on the covers simultaneously. Then the medicine man said, "I wrap one wrapping," and the men passed the cord once around the basket, all acting together. This was repeated four times and at the fourth time he said, "I tie and finish it," then they tied the last tie in the cord. Each man put his basket under his arm except the head warrior, who stood up, pointed the basket toward the sunrise, and remained standing until the sun was fully risen. It was said, "They tie the sun stripes together," referring to the streaks of light at dawn. (Cf. p. 188.)

X 533 The following song was sung at daybreak.

No. 143. Song of the Limo (Catalogue No. 1071)
Recorded by HARRY ENCINAS



TRANSLATION

I will go inside to warm.
There we will sit a while and rub our tired legs.

Analysis.—In this song with its minor tonality and frequent semitones we seem to have an expression of the poignancy of the Limo,

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

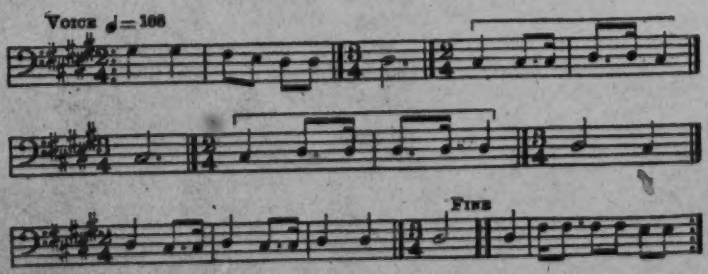
its significance and physical suffering. The two rhythmic units begin with the same count divisions. It is interesting to note that the seventh measure reverses the count divisions in the second rhythmic unit. The connective phrase shows a triplet on an unaccented count, this count division occurring on an accented count in the song.

The men who had taken care of the warriors then conducted them to a clear cold pond, breaking the ice if necessary. The men took a cold plunge, after which each man went to his own lodge, taking his spirit basket with him. It was kept in a safe place and frequently was placed in an olla. The responsibility incident to the possession of a spirit basket has been described on page 103. The *Limo* continued three more days. If the warriors who had killed Apache desired to attend these dances they wore no decorations except a horizontal line of black paint below each eye. Presents were given at these dances. The scalps that had been carried in the victory dances were taken to other villages and carried in one dance after another. Finally they were given to the warriors, who kept them.

A dance that was performed in one of the circles during the Limo was called the Wind dance. Four of its songs were recorded and are as follows.

No. 144. "I Am Going to Another Part of Elder Brother's Land"
(Catalogue No. 927)

Recorded by SIVARIANO GARCIA



TRANSLATION

I am going to another part of Elder Brother's land,
I have reached the land,
With a handsome child (captive) I am returning.

Analysis.—The keynote of this song occurs only as the first tone and is also the highest tone of the compass. This is unique among Indian songs analyzed by the writer. The subdominant is a particularly prominent tone. Attention is directed to the third and fourth measures from the close which reverse the count divisions of the rhythmic unit.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

133 University of Arizona, in July, 1898, succeeded in ascending it, and by an aneroid barometer the height was found to be 7,850 feet above sea-level. The ascent was made from the west side, and, to quote his own words, "the extreme top of the mountain is a gentle oval about a hundred yards across. From this lofty vantage the eye sweeps over about three hundred miles of a terrific and almost untouched wilderness of rocks." There is a small pool on top which holds a few gallons of water after rain. In rainy weather, water drips down on the north side five hundred feet below the top, where several small pools were seen.

It is perhaps at the latter place that the pond is found [778] which is called by the Indians Viikan Shóotak, "Lasting Water" (*shóotak*, water), and which in the belief of the Indians was left by the sea after the deluge. At the time of the making of sahuaro wine for their great feasts of the summer, people go up there to get some of this water, after having first sung to it, to use in the wine making.

132 On Friday, June 25, we approached from the west the large rancheria called Fresnal, situated among the foot-hills below the peak of Baboquivari, which looked more magnificent from that point of view than from any other I have seen. The air was very pure and transparent, and I took a photograph of the peak at half-past five in the afternoon. Just as I cast a glance backward, before making a second exposure, I was astonished to see that the region toward the west and south was hazy, and I had scarcely time to make the exposure when the haze and a light wind, moist from the sea, arrived. A

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

be temporarily deserted, and there would be no one to look after our wagon, we had to abandon our intended trip to Pozo Verde, the largest Papago rancheria at the present time in Sonora. Its name, Green Spring, has the same significance in the Papago language, and the locality is important in the native mythology. Baboquivari rises about a thousand feet above the llano near the boundary line, losing itself in Mexico in low ranges and mountains.

On our return we made a détour into a rancheria called Sepánovak ("Smell of the Coyote"), which was situated in a narrow valley of the Baboquivari Range. It had been settled of late years and was small and unattractive. Discarded clothing was lying about, and the inhabitants looked like poor white people, although they owned lots of live stock. Judging from the fine looking fat horses and cattle down on the plains, a different opinion would have been formed of the owners; it was something like the disappointment one feels when a smart turnout of horses with driver and footman discloses ordinary-looking people inside the carriage. Natural and harmonious conditions are the only ones that count in life.

One interesting family, that of Ramon Cachora, lived a little further up the valley from here, he, his two sons and his son-in-law having been leaders in a religious movement of a white man's stamp. They were so-called educated Indians, and a daughter of his had been to Carlisle. It was an anomalous case, for, strange to say, they had become converts to the revivalism of the

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

133 until they widen out into the plains. For this reason the road, such as it is, from Fresnal southward makes a détour west.

778 At the well of Fresnal our horses, having been without water for twenty-two hours, each drank nine bucketfuls. The bucket was not large, but contained more than a gallon. A visit was made to the so-called Montezuma's Cave, once sacred to the Papago as the principal habitation with which tradition credits Sīhu, also called Ĭitoi, the most important mythical personage of the Papago mythology, being their elder brother as well as creator of the world. The cave is called Elder Brother's House (in Papago, Sīhuki; *ki*, house). It is situated at six miles' distance from Fresnal. We climbed nearly one thousand feet, and on the south side of a hill, below the peak, our guide, the medicine-man, pointed out the entrance to the sacred place, half hidden among bushes.

It was closed with a wall of loose stones and was so small that a man could only squeeze through with difficulty. The cave was found to be spacious and well formed. At one corner was deposited several hundred [411] arrows, upright in a bunch, with nothing but the wooden part remaining. No flint points were visible. There is another cave on the east side of the Baboquivari Range, discovered lately by Mr. Jefferson Milton, where a considerable number of obsidian-tipped arrows were secured, one of which is reproduced at page 96.

000 Though a few showers had fallen lately, still no grass had yet made its appearance and travel began to be difficult. The Indians had very little to sell in the way of

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

usually commercial brands have to be resorted to. It is smoked in corn husks. The leaves of *viopóli*, a bush in the foot-hills, are also sometimes smoked.

In the afternoon the leading men began to wake from their slumber and, as there were many features of the feast I desired to have explained to me, I induced them to have a conference. Outside of the house of the Keeper of the Smoke there was some convenient shade and, stretched on a mat with the rest, I had a couple of hours of very interesting conversation. Many years amongst the Indians gave me some knowledge of the fundamental traits of their religious ideas, which evidently very much surprised those present. They had such fine faces, full of determination and sincerity! Ragged and poor though these people were, I could not help admiring the expression of their countenances, especially those of the principal men, flushed with enthusiasm attendant on the festival. They gave me clear and unequivocal answers. When I had finished all my questions one medicine-man said: "I suppose he is one of those white men who want us to give up all our ancient beliefs and customs." Assured on this point, they said they were glad to have me remain at the rancheria as long as I wished. They also informed me of a calendar record preserved by a man who lived in the Baboquivari Range. Of this I made a note as the object for an excursion.

"Might I see what was inside the long basket on the dancing places?" I asked. This they could not very well do. Few of the Indians themselves had seen it, they

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778 said, and they were not in a position to show me; perhaps the makai (medicine-men), who were coming tonight to tell when the rain would arrive, would show me. But to see those things was a risky affair, connected with possibilities of harm to the beholder. As we were returning to camp Pablo said to me: "Probably those Indians never before spoke like that to a white man."

796 The rest of the day was spent in a house to house canvass and many baskets were bought. In the evening Pablo and I again walked over to see the dancing which had commenced anew at dusk. He soon joined the dancers and evidently the "old Adam" reasserted itself within him, for he danced with fervor the whole night.

As one sees everything better by taking part oneself in the proceedings, I, too, broke into the circle, grabbing those next to me by the hand. The orthodox way is to [516] intertwine the fingers as one may see sailors do when [535] they are ashore, or peasant girls of Norway when going to a dance in their finery. My white dress made me a conspicuous object in the dark night, and my dancing and singing evoked merriment among those sitting around. There was no difficulty in getting into the right tune, and my partners on either side, as well as the rest of those actively engaged, were too serious about their work to be distracted.

Just about the time that I entered into the performance, the medicine-men who were sitting with their legs crossed in front of the fire began to show activity. One of them suddenly bent forward and put his mouth near

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

624 626 rode after him, and began negotiations in my own way. He soon became more tractable. "The place is sacred," he said, "and not everybody who comes along can see it." The Indians had gone to much trouble to keep up its proper appointments. He was going to bring this matter before the Big House, the lodge, that very evening, and the people would decide in the case. The prospect of vague and possibly endless delay was not exactly to my taste, so I proposed another way out of the difficulty, that of paying to him and to the other big man of the tribe, the Keeper of the Smoke, the same sum that I had already paid the first principal man.

624 626 778 Gratified at seeing the negotiations happily concluded, I presented him with tobacco and candy, which he smilingly put into his trousers pockets. He said we could go to the cemetery that afternoon and next morning return to look it over more carefully. To my suggestion that it was too late in the day to continue the trip, he answered that the place was close by. He admonished us only to be careful not to disturb anything, and thus we separated all in a pleasant mood. The cemetery was nearer than I had expected; after having followed the road for ten minutes, Simon told us that we had arrived. The country was now level and covered with greasewood bushes all around. We found ourselves at the beginning of a broad pass, through which the road from Santa Rosa leads westward to a mountain.

778 We tied our horses and walked aside from the road some twenty yards, when my eyes caught sight of a circular enclosure made from upright split ocotillo (*fou-*

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

quierria splendens) poles, from which the bark had been recently stripped. To the north and to the south was piled up at either side in a semicircle a very large heap of discarded poles, in orderly array, several thousands of them. I had expected to find a shrine of a more or less common type, so this was an agreeable surprise and worth some trouble.

I stepped up to the sanctuary, which was about the height of a man and nineteen feet in diameter, with open gateways toward the four corners of the world. The row of ocotillo poles was placed two or three thick. Inside, in the middle, was a mound neatly made of slabs, six feet in diameter and two feet high; on top of it rested a large sea shell, seven inches long, of a light rose color, with its opening toward the east. Two thin upright sticks of ocotillo had been placed at each cardinal point of the mound. The shrine stands on ground that is a few feet higher than the surrounding plain. This slight elevation, which provides ample space for the enclosure, is evidently natural, though its central part is slightly concave. This may have been due to the action of a spring. It looks as if the earth in some way had been removed, forming a slight basin. From this depression, toward the east and the west, are outlets as if water had been running. The western outlet is quite short, but the eastern is over one hundred feet long, and widens out so as to present broad, level ground. Here it is where the water finally stopped, the Indian explained, and here may be observed eight good-sized single stones or heaps of stones. Near each are placed two upright ocotillo

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778 sticks, one toward the east and one toward the west. The four eastern stones or stone heaps have only one each, placed toward the east.

Everything about the place was scrupulously clean and orderly; not a trace of anything to be seen on the sandy ground anywhere. The mound of slabs that kept the water down in the bowels of the earth, and prevented the country from being flooded, was well arranged. Though mainly a prayer for rain to the sea, in a way this was a monument to the four children who had been sacrificed, and though devoted to a mythical event, its extreme simplicity, relieved against a background of the simple mind of the natives, was impressive, as the sun, at the end of July, in close proximity to the western hills, poured its strong, beautiful light over the scene.

Fearing a refusal, I did not ask Simon's permission to photograph, but, putting up my tripod, calmly brought my camera into action. Hardly had I begun operations when Pablo shouted: "People are coming! I see dust rising in the west." Although photography had not been included among the sacrilegious acts mentioned by the chief, still it required little sagacity to be convinced that, with the Papago abhorrence of the noble art, to be caught photographing such a place would amount to a crime. I had made a few exposures and now hurriedly put my camera and tripod together. Simon evidently felt very uneasy and, with his feet, began to cover with sand the marks that the tripod had left, making similar holes here and there with the sharp end of a pole, at the same time throwing sticks of wood about, to mislead his

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

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SHRINE OF THE CHILDREN'S SACRIFICE, SEEN FROM THE WEST
The large heaps are discarded ocotillo sticks

SHRINE OF THE CHILDREN'S SACRIFICE, NEAR SANTA ROSA

EAST OF THE SHRINE OF THE CHILDREN'S SACRIFICE
Here the outflow of water is supposed to have stopped

[Facing p. 104]

-7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778 canny countrymen. Then we started back at a quick pace to our camp.

778 787 The name of this sacred place is Áalhihiani (*áli*, child; *bíbian*, cemetery). The enclosure's name is *ki*, house. It is renewed at irregular intervals and, according to my informant, sometimes every year. The present one had been made during the preceding winter. Those who make the enclosure have to come on foot to do the work. After the work is done there is a feast in the lodge, the whole night being spent in singing to the accompaniment of rasping sticks. The four children come down from the cemetery and take part, but only the medicine-men see them. In the morning the latter tell the people what they saw and what the children told them about rain and crops.

778 793 The faces of the children when about to be sacrificed were painted yellow with transverse black stripes, while the body was painted on the front, yellow, and on the back, black. A hole was dug in which the children were made to stand up, while the medicine-men sang. The flow of water which was stopped came from the sea, threatening to flood the whole world. The Papagoes worship the sea. In the subdivision of the tribe called Hohóla, tradition has it that a man once went down into a cavity in the ground and the sea kept him there for four years. His relatives, considering him dead, burned his house and ate his cattle. He turned up one day, asked them to make a house for him away from the rancheria, and, after having taken eight baths, one every four days, he began to live again as before.

773 823

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

those things. They ought to be returned, but I am not going to ask you to do that, because the things have been paid for, so it would not be right to have the bargains changed. But I want to tell you one thing which you probably do not know. Those objects are apt to make you ill, and when that happens, do not blame the Indians!"

When the time came for me to answer, I reassured him on the several points that caused him anxiety. The things I had acquired were going to be well cared for. I expressed my pleasure at the elucidation his talk had given me, and told him that I should like much to have another meeting with him by and by. He believed in me, he answered, and would meet me here again later on, but at present he was too busy making ready for the sahuaro feast which was soon to come off. He was glad to see me among his people, he added.

Next day, availing myself of the permission already obtained, we again visited the "cemetery" as well as other sacred spots in the neighborhood. I was shown the place where the elder men, sitting in a circle, make the small, bright blue prayer-sticks for the great harvest festival. One end is pointed, and to the other is tied a turkey feather; about two hundred and fifty of these are distributed at the feast in the interest of health, and some are buried later, to keep the fields moist.

The shrine of the buried jar is situated at the crossing of two tracks, one leading to the "children's cemetery," which is west of it. It is customary for those who visit the latter place also to call here and deposit some

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

offering. The jar is buried in the ground and a small mound made above it, the central part of which is covered by a flat stone. Ocotillo sticks, stripped of bark, are placed upright, two toward the east and two toward the west, and empty cartridges, bits of glass, small seashells, as well as pebbles, had been deposited here. The little shrine is just outside of the rancheria, toward the end of the slope that runs down gently from the mountains near by. The rain-water, in times gone by, had formed furrows and small arroyos everywhere, making the country look wavy. The earth around the roots of the ever-present greasewood bushes resists the short-lived torrents, and they presented the same appearance of growing high above the ground on top of mounds which usually is due to the action of the wind. At one place where the ground was level a vast number of light yellow flowers were growing, forming a carpet-like covering among the greasewood. Quantities of broken pottery were lying about to the north-east of the small shrine and here, according to tradition, was the former site of the rancheria.

In spite of my satisfactory meeting with the Keeper of the Smoke, he seemed to have efficiently blocked my purchase of any more important objects, so I decided to make a tour of the several rancherias to the north, where the sway of my uncompromising and despotic friend did not reach; perhaps on my return conditions might change. The next rancheria to the north is Ánekam, hardly three miles away, but it is a community distinct from the preceding one and even more primitive. In

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

sky became cloudy with occasional light showers. Two of the Mexicans went out to look for *carne* (meat), which was sadly needed where so many people, all with ravenous appetites, were assembled. My principal hunter, whom we called Charlie because, though a Mexican, he hailed from Arizona, had been promising us mountain-sheep for two days. "At this time of the year," he said, "the sheep are on the tops of the mountains, where the females are having their young." But scaling the tops brought him no reward and he did not find even one fresh track, so his compatriots began to make merry with him.

About the middle of the day, however, our attention was suddenly attracted by the repeated sounds of rifle shots from above in the mountains. After a while our hunter appeared on top of a sloping ridge above the camp and shouted for a burro to carry the quarry to camp, a message which gave us all much satisfaction. It was a fine, large ram which the combined efforts of three Mexicans lifted up on the pack animal. In camp it was hoisted by the hind legs to a branch and carefully skinned and opened. In the stomach were found the flowerstalks as well as leaves of the white brittle bush, an herb called *golondrina* (*euphorbia polycarpa*), reddish in color and blooming at that time, also some of the parasitic plant that grows on the palo verde and palo fierro. Another and smaller mountain-sheep was brought in and an essential part of our provisions was successfully settled for some little time to come.

778 Queléle had put in readiness all the sacrificial objects
782 we had brought along for our proposed visit to the sacred

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

cave, and he had made several improvements in the arrangement of some. As the time drew near for our excursion, I felt little inclined for the vigil of one night which had been agreed to, so I asked him if a couple of hours' devotional exercise might not be sufficient for our needs. Clemente and Guadalupe, though perfectly willing to comply with the conditions, confessed that they did not know any Pinacate songs. By this and similar arguments we succeeded in changing the old man's mind, and he delighted me when after thoughtful reflection he declared that it was not necessary to sing now that we had so many sacrificial things.

I had decided to take Monday, January 3, for the visit, combining with it an ascent of the one of the two peaks which was nearer to our camp. In the morning the wind changed to west and north-west; a chilly, light shower of rain fell, but when we started from the tinajas for the ascent at 10.40, the weather was clear, there being only a few nimbus clouds in sight. As we followed the fairly distinct Indian trail that winds its way along the ridges upward, I observed the chuparosa (*beloperone californica*), the flowers of which are eaten by the Papago, and also quantities of the well-known plant chia in the small arroyos and declivities. One hour's march brought us to the base of the cinder-covered cone where the cave was situated. Many years had gone by from the time of Queléle's last visit to the sacred precinct; his hair was not gray then and more than one generation had passed since. He could not at once find the object of our trip and half an hour was spent in searching for it in the lava flow.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778 There was an entrance to a subterranean cave which he distinctly remembered not to be the right one, and here we noticed some marks cut in a sahuaro which was growing near the hole that led downward. Our cave turned out to be a long natural tunnel, the bottom of which ran for some twenty feet below the surface. The roof of the tunnel had fallen in for about ten yards just where the entrance to the holy place had been, and hence our guide did not at first recognize it. The passage is believed by the Indians to run westward underneath the mountains, [776] then under the sea until it reaches an island where Elder Brother's wife lives. The god has another though less important "house" some miles from this cave on the same side of the mountain, but this I did not visit.

778 It evidently filled Quelêle with dismay that "Ítoi's [776] house had fallen down." The god himself had caused 782 this destruction in anger against the people who no longer came to deposit offerings and do him homage. Some old, weather-worn sacrificial objects were observed around a small natural terrace down in the opening, as well as in the cracks of the rocky sides. Our guide was too old to descend himself, but he asked the two Indians, Guadalupe and Clemente, to perform the sacrifice for him. They clambered down and Guadalupe deposited in a crack of the old lava the ceremonial objects we had brought along. These objects were an arrow, as a mark of respect and for the use of the god; a prayer-stick, colored by red ochre with a small eagle plume tied to its top, to secure luck in hunting; a bunch of yucca fibre tied in a knot, in order that the wind might

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778

GUADALUPE AT THE SACRED CAVE OF PINACATE

[Facing p. 208]

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

778 be favorable to us; some cigarettes for the god's personal
782 use; a piece of blue glass bead necklace, for the god to use as appendages for his ears and for the septum of his nose. On their own account Guadalupe and Clemente each placed a strand of fibre in order that nothing untoward should happen to either of them while on the expedition, asking especially for protection against storms.

While this was being done the old man lighted a cigarette and, turning his face toward the west where the sea is, though hidden from view by the peak that rose above us, he made his prayer aloud to Íitoi, smoking now and then and blowing the smoke in the same direction.

"I did not come to visit you because the weather was bad," he said. "Now I have come to leave these things here. I could not find your house because it is so different now. With whom are you angry? Perhaps you are angry with us because we do not visit you more often. A man comes here from the other side of the sea to know your house. I bring him and his companions from Sonoita. Give good luck to the man and to us all. Give good luck to the hunters that he has with him. Give them a mountain-sheep that you do not need for yourself. Give me good luck on my return home. Don't let it rain while I travel. Stop the wind."

000 The ceremonies over, he began to make his way back to camp while we continued our ascent at one o'clock in the afternoon. Near the rim of a small crater, two-thirds up from here, quails and a cotton-tail enlivened the scene. I had expected to be troubled by

[pp. 210–267 not processed]

13:Davis E-5 (1920)1920 NU28 Papago NU28

773 opening in the creature's ribs, and escaped, carrying the heart with him. He called in a loud voice to all the villagers, far and near, and when they heard him, he sent up the white cloud of victory.

The monster thrashed and threw his great body around until, in his dying agony, he had splashed all the water out of the pool, since which time there has been no 773 water in that place. Then Montezuma 778 took the heart and cut it in two pieces, paring each of them down until he had made two round objects about the size of a man's fist. He made one to represent a male, and the other a female. He then prepared a great fiesta, and all the people came from far and near to celebrate the death of the monster. Montezuma then instructed the people how to care for the hearts, how to guard them and to make fiestas for them each year. From that time the hearts have been looked upon as saints or idols which can intercede for them with the higher powers. A soft deerskin bag was made and filled with the soft downy feathers of the eagle, and upon these the hearts were laid,

13:Davis E-5 (1920) 1920 NU28 Papago NU28

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and the bag closed so that no human eye might thereafter see them. To this day, with possibly one or two exceptions, no person has ever seen the hearts. The bag was kept in a Papago medicine basket, made of palmetto fiber, which in turn, together with all the wrappings and ceremonial paraphernalia, was placed in two large ollas, then sealed up and hidden in a secret cave in the mountains. Many years ago an Indian with an evil mind broke in and stole the male heart, so that only the female heart remains.

[115]

Manuel Ortega, an old Papago Indian, with whom the writer stayed, said that at one time he happened to be near when the keeper of the heart was rearranging or changing the eagle-feathers used as a bed for the heart. Becoming entangled in the feathers, the keeper pulled the heart out of the bag, and it fell to the ground. Ortega saw the heart before the keeper could return it to the bag, and as nearly as he could remember, it appeared to be a round, greenish stone about as large as a baseball. The Indians say they have sometimes heard the

13:Davis E-5 (1920)1920 NU28 Papago NU28

773 voice of the male heart calling from the
778 hills at night, and whenever they have tried to follow, it has always eluded them.
796 Each year, at full moon, in the month of July, the basket, with all the ceremonial trappings, is brought forth by the keeper, who is an old Papago woman, sister of the man who has charge of it, and she watches over it during the whole ceremony. At the conclusion, the man in charge opens the basket, inserts one hand in the bag, putting the other hand over the opening to prevent his seeing the heart, turns it over, then withdraws his hand and closes the opening, replacing the bag in the basket, which he lashes down with deerskin thongs. When the keeper grows old and realizes that he is about to die, he appoints a successor.

796 The people for many miles around make
788 an annual pilgrimage to the village of
[404] Quitovaquita, situated twenty-five miles south of the boundary line, in Sonora, to pay honor to the sacred relic, and to pray for belessings which it grants, such as plenty of rain, good crops, health, and long life for each family. Any neglect of this pil-

13:Davis E-5 (1920)1920 NU28 Papago NU28

796 In the singer's
534 booth sat four men, facing east, having in front of them large, bowl-shaped, coiled baskets, inverted. On the bottoms of the baskets rested the ends of a notched stick made of creosote wood, the other end being held in the left hand of the singer. In the right hand of each singer was held the half of a lower jaw of a peccary, a deer's shoulder-blade, and the shin-bones of a deer with the hoofs on. With these bones the singers rubbed the notched sticks up and down, producing thereby a hollow sound to the rhythm of the singing.

796 Immediately behind the singers sat an
778 old Indian woman, her head wrapped in a
533 red bandana, as the guardian of the basket containing the heart. The basket was 4½ ft. long, 1½ ft. wide, and 1 ft. deep, and was placed on a low platform behind her, and level with her shoulders. The series of songs or cantos dealt with the sun, moon, stars, the earth, creation, and the culture-hero "Montezuma." As the singers chant, the older Indians think they can hear a woman's voice, and say, "The heart is call-
796 ing for its mate." The three priests from

796 During the summer various nights of singing were held to encourage the growth of crops. In the autumn, when deer hunting began, a deer was ceremonially killed and its flesh eaten after a night of singing and dancing to produce health for the people. Every four years—or, in the southern part of the reservation, every year—a harvest ceremony followed the deer dance. At this time elaborate effigies representing clouds, corn, and other good things of life were carried in a procession by masked singers. If illness threatened a village a special night of singing and dancing was held to drive it away.

796 778 The Papagos felt a need not only for food, but for magic power to sustain them through the hardships of life. Such power, they held, might be attained by the performance of three acts, fraught with supernatural mystery: one was the taking of an enemy scalp, one the killing of an eagle, and one the fetching of salt from the barren desert bordering the Gulf of California. After doing any of these things, a man had brought himself in contact with the supernatural. But this was not enough. He must next purify himself by days of fasting. Then a ceremony must be held over him with the singing of Elder Brother's songs, lest his own magic injure him. Any man undergoing purification might have dreams in which some supernatural being would visit him and teach him songs which would help him cure disease, to run swiftly, to fight, or to hunt.

791 787 It was in just such dreams that the medicine man obtained his unusual power, but he must dream longer than the others. For years he did not tell of his constant supernatural experiences but finally began trying his ability, and at last was accepted publicly. This new power did not as a rule enable him to cure; he only "saw" the disease after singing and smoking to bring himself to the clairvoyant state. He then told the waiting family what had caused 755 the illness—the rabbit, the badger, the eagle, some other offended animal, or perhaps the breaking of a ceremonial rule. The cure was homeopathic. Some one must be sent

17;Castetter & Underhill N,E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
NU28 Papago NU28

CEREMONIAL OBJECTS AND PRACTICES

The Papagos make a number of rather crude ceremonial objects which ritual demands must be thrown away after each ceremony. Masks are made of half a gourd *(Lagenaria vulgaris)* tied with buckskin thongs and covering only the eyes and nose of the wearer. The face is crudely painted on it with clay, and small perforations made for seeing and breathing. A more valuable mask, kept from year to year, is that belonging to the hereditary clown. It is made of white buckskin, bag shaped, the closed end of which comes at the top of the wearer's head and the open fringed end to his shoulders. A small face is painted on it with blue soot from creosote bush wood *(Covillea glutinosa)*.

The body is often ceremonially marked with clay colored yellow with a decoction of dandelion flowers *(Taraxacum officinale)*.

Fetishes were made on various occasions: for the *vikita* or harvest festival, for the *tc'ĭrkona*, or visiting dance, when a visiting village entertained its hosts before racing with them; and for a ceremony to insure the growth of wild crops. These effigies were usually made to illustrate the content of a dream. For the *vikita* there were hereditary dream singers who every four years produced a new series of songs and ordered the making of some object to illustrate them. There was a standard range of subjects, including clouds, deer, corn, squash, mountains, and sea birds, though an inventive author sometimes provided a new subject like a mythical monster.

Very little material was available for these structures but they showed considerable extempore invention. A framework was made of ocotillo rods *(Fouquieria splendens)* tied together with thongs, and on this could be draped white buckskins to represent clouds, or reddish dyed ones for mountains. The facsimiles were mounted on a wicker frame of sahuaro ribs *(Carnegia gigantea)*. Large white birds were made on a skeleton of ocotillo ribs covered with raw cotton. Squash effigies were contrived from ocotillo

17:Castetter & Underhill N,E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
NU28 Papago NU28

349 and dyed buckskin, corn of ocotillo rods painted with dots,
532 and with soapweed leaves *(Yucca glauca)* attached to represent corn leaves. The same range of subjects was used to illustrate the visiting dance.

The effigies used for the wild crops represented sahuaro and prickly pear fruit *(Opuntia* sp.) and might be of red clay or of red ocotillo blossoms. An effigy mesquite bean was made of a twig (19).

293 Prayer sticks were made of catclaw *(Acacia greggii)*
778 upon which was tied eagle down *(Aquila chrysaetos)*, except for a special harvest ceremony at Quitovac in Sonora where it was "given" the people by Elder Brother to use turkey feathers *(Meleugris gallopavo merriami)*. Some prayer
[386] sticks were colored blue with soot from a fire of creosote bush *(Covillea glutinosa)*, the colored stick representing growing corn, the turkey feather the leaves (19).

Dancers at the harvest ceremony carried wands five feet long with bunches of eagle tail feathers at each end and in the middle. Individuals who had had curing dreams
[532] sometimes made fetishes to represent the animals which had taught them. Thus the horned toad *(Phrynosoma coronatum)* was often carved out of wood.

532 An enemy slayer had made for him an effigy of an Apache, using the hairs he had taken from the slain man's temples. The slayer's guardian if skillful contrived a doll of buckskin dressed in Apache costume and wearing the hair.

783 Tobacco smoke *(Nicotiana trigonophylla* and *N. taba-*
276 *cum)* was regarded by the Papagos as a purifying agent. The medicine man, while singing over a patient to "see" the cause of disease, paused regularly to smoke and blew the smoke over the patient as a means of cleansing.

The man who had come into contact with the supernatural by killing an enemy or an eagle, or by joining the salt pilgrimage, had to be purified by a period of segregation and fasting. When this period was ended, older men who had been through the same experience, sang a series of

[Arizona Labor Camps]

517 of necessity, much.
52 more reliance is placed by harvest hands on forms of amusement requiring a minimum of equipment and space: drinking, crap shooting, card playing, sexual indulgence.

797 Cotton pickers hauled from towns each day of course
527 had recreational resources of those population centers at their disposal. They could attend church on Sunday.
[563] Farmers make little effort to provide access to churches for their employees in labor camps. For some cotton pickers racial discrimination is a problem. As one Negro woman at Marana said, "There's a church over there, all right. But we don't know if they take colored. We don't go." For Catholic Papagos as Catholic Mexican-Americans, this is no problem. But farmers don't provide Sunday transportation to trading towns. The Desert People stay in labor camps on the Sabbath, except for a few from San Xavier who can take a bus home for the day occasionally.

527 About half the Papago women in the camps do some washing on Sunday.[1] An occasional individual picks some
[778] cotton, but most simply loaf around camp with nothing constructive to occupy them. Sonora Catholics make their household shrines in a corner of their cabins, and use
527 them. In labor camps where all residents are Papagos, or
346 where there are many of the Desert People in a large camp, they take over an empty cabin to furnish a chapel where they can hold their services.[2] One far-sighted farmer who understood his Papago employees built a fine chapel for them when he constructed a new concrete block camp, but such understanding is indeed rare. Labor camp chapels seem to serve a quarter of the Papago harvest hands.[3]

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[1] Based on information from 8 families.

[2] "Sonora Catholicism antedates other Christian faiths on
527 the Reservation today, for the belief and practice of Son-
797 ora Catholics are remants of the teachings of the early
795 Spanish missionaries, acquired either directly from the pa-
346 dres, or through other Indians or Mexicans. During the
[797] generations when no Catholic clergy came to Papagueria and the nearest priests were far away in Mexico, the faithful carried on as best they could the ceremonies and devotions of the church.

[198] "With the absence of priests and the passage of time,
[799] much of the Roman creed and ritual vanished. In the Sonora Catholic churches, for example, there are no Mass, no hymns and prayers in Latin, no confession, and no marriage ceremony. Children are baptized by godparents, and the people bury their own dead." Joseph, Spicer and Chesky, 1949, p. 81-82.

[3] Based on information from 8 families.

Immediate reasons Papagos work—

461 794 796 Aside from the necessity for earning enough cash to buy food and clothing, there are other reasons for earning money. During the picking season three important religious events occur. These are the feast days of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis Xavier, and All Souls Day of the Roman Catholic ceremonial calendar. A very high proportion of the tribe goes to one or another, or all three.

795 184 Although several denominations have gained a foothold among the Desert People, the vast majority are orthodox or Sonora Catholics. Harvest hands in 1950 were about 95% Catholic.[1] The rest are about evenly divided between Protestants and individuals consciously rejecting Christian allegiance to practice native forms of religion or none at all. The Presbyterian church has the largest following among Protestant groups, with six congregations on the reservation. [797] There are other missions on the reservations. However, missionary activity does not extend to labor camps.[2]

484 788 782 755 796 From the great reservoir of Papago Catholics come the pilgrims to Magdalena, San Xavier, Chuwhiy Guwsk at fiesta time. These pilgrims make their journeys primarily to keep promises they've made to the Saint, or to ask him to intercede for them. Because they have very deep faith in the powers of St. Francis to cure illnesses, the Desert People frequently vow to the Saint that if the petitioner or one of his loved ones is cured, he will visit the statue of the Saint in the Magdalena (or San Xavier or Chuwhiy Guwsk) church. Often the person vows to make four such visits, to place a number of candles for the Saint, to leave him an amount of money, perhaps even to walk from the border to Magdalena or to perform some other penance.

78 [796] [798] Not all those petitioning the Saint seek health. Some ask aid in business, love or other ventures. The Desert People bring statues and pictures from their household shrines and chapels to press against the statue of the Saint for his blessing. They buy yards of bright ribbons, sold in shops thrown up about the

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[1] Based on information from 35 individuals.
[2] Not 1 of 9 persons questioned had seen a missionary in 1950. 1 had in a previous year.

78 church, to be blessed and taken home to give those who couldn't come. But 9 Papagos out of 10 at one of the pilgrimmage towns in October, 1950, came to fulfill a vow.[1]

484 488 So important are these pilgrimmages to the Desert People that almost three-fifths of the Papagos in the cotton fields in 1950 went to Magdalena, San Xavier or Chuwhiy Guwsk for the October celebration.[2] In numbers, this apparently meant over 2,500 Papagos traveled from southern Arizona labor camps to one of these three churches.[3] Many more Desert People left their homes on the reserves to make their pilgrimmages, although the proportion was not as high because of the large number of Protestants among those remaining on the reserves during picking season, and lack of money to finance a pilgrimmage. Perhaps another 1,000 individuals made pilgrimmages from the reserves. Almost half the tribe went on the 1950 pilgrimmage.

This religious exodus affected virtually every cotton farm where Papagos worked to some extent.[4] The [153] number of Papago pilgrims at Magdalena in 1950 seemed rather higher than the year before, apparently reflecting greater psychological stress in the tribe, perhaps arising from greater awareness of a critical economic position and unsettled world conditions again threatening young men. A fifth of the 1950 cotton harvesters had made a pilgrimmage in some previous year although they didn't in 1950.[5] indicating the high proportion of pilgrims returning.

Greatest of the 3 celebrations is that held on [155] the day of St. Francis of Assisi, October 4. Pilgrims [178] travel to all three churches where miraculous curing statues of St. Francis Xavier are located--Magdalena, San Xavier, and Chuwhiy Guwsk.

[361] The largest celebration leading up to the Oct. 4 rites galvanizes the small Mexican city of Magdalena, an adobe settlement located about 60 miles south of the [155] international boundary in Sonora. Many are the stories [178] of cures by its powerful statue, which is supposed to have come to the spot when burros bearing it northward for a procession officials refused to proceed.

[1] Based on 11 persons giving reasons for their trips.
[2] 23 of 40 individuals giving information made pilgrimmages, 57½
[3] There were about 1,000 families with 4,500 Papagos in labor camps in Pima and Pinal counties in 1950.
[4] 9 of 10 farmers in Pima county and 10 of 10 in Pinal giving information lost some Papago workers.
[5] 8 of 40 giving information, 20%.